Anne Frank Diary- Critical Anthology

This collection of research papers covers the chronological critical scholarship between Ditlieb Felderer's "Anne Frank's Diary- A Hoax" (1979) and Ikuo Suzuki's "Unmasking Anne Frank" (2022), providing especially the most technical and textual analysis from Professor Robert Faurisson, bridging the gulf.

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Is *The Diary of Anne Frank* genuine?

by Robert Faurisson

Is The Diary of Anne Frank genuine? For two years that question was included in the official syllabus "Text and Document Criticism," a seminar reserved for degreed students in their fourth year. The conclusion of my studies and research is that The Diary of Anne Frank is a fraud.

In order to study the question posed and to find an answer to it, I have carried out the following investigations:

1. Internal criticism: the very text of the Diary (in Dutch) contains a number of unlikely or inconceivable facts.
2. A study of the premises in Amsterdam: on the one hand, the physical impossibilities and, on the other hand, the explanations made up by Anne Frank's father severely compromise him.
3. Interview of the principal witness: Mr. Otto Frank.
4. Bibliographical examination: some curious silences and revelations.
5. A return to Amsterdam for a new investigation: the witnesses turn out to be unfavorable to Mr. Frank; the probable truth.
6. The "betrayer" and the person who arrested the Franks: why has Mr. Frank wished to assure them such anonymity?
7. Comparison between the Dutch and German texts: attempting to make too much of it, Mr. Frank has given himself away; he has signed a literary fraud.

Internal criticism

The first step in the investigation is to determine if the text is consistent within itself. The Diary contains an extraordinary number of inconsistencies.

Let us take the example of the noises. Those in hiding, we are told, must not make the least sound. This is so much so that, if they cough, they quickly take codeine. The "enemies" could hear them. The walls are that "thin" (25 March 1943). Those "enemies" are very numerous: Lewin, who "knows the whole building well" (1 October 1942), the men from the store, the customers, the deliverymen, the agent, the cleaning woman, the night watchman Slagter, the plumbers, the "health service," the accountant, the police who conduct their searches of the premises, the neighbors both near and far, the owner, etc. It is therefore unlikely and inconceivable that Mrs. Van Daan had the habit of using the vacuum cleaner each day at 12:30 pm (5 August 1943). The vacuum cleaners of that era were, moreover, particularly noisy. I ask: "How is that conceivable?" My question is not purely formal. It is not rhetorical. Its purpose is not to show astonishment. My question is a question. It is necessary to respond to it. That question could be followed with forty other questions concerning noises. It is necessary to explain, for example, the use of an alarm clock (4 August 1943). It is necessary to explain the noisy carpentry work: the removal of a wooden step, the transformation of a door into a swinging cupboard (21 August 1942), the making of a wooden candlestick (7 December 1942). Peter splits wood in the attic in front of the open window (23 February 1944). It involved building with the wood from the attic "a few little cupboards and other odds and ends" (11 July 1942). It even involved constructing in the attic "a little compartment" for working (13 July 1943). There is a nearly constant noise from the radio, from the slammed doors, from the "resounding peal" (6 December 1943), the arguments, the shouts, the yelling, a "noise that was enough to awaken the dead." (9 November 1942). "A great din and disturbance followed I was doubled up with laughter" (10 May 1944). The episode reported on 2 September 1942 is irreconcilable with the necessity of being silent and cautious. There we see those in hiding at dinner. They chatter and laugh. Suddenly, a piercing whistle is heard. And they

hear the voice of Peter who shouts through the stove pipe that he will certainly not come down. Mr. Van Daan gets up, his napkin falls and, his face flushed, he shouts: "I've had enough of this." He goes up to the attic and there, resistance and the stamping of feet. The episode reported on 10 December 1942 is of the same kind. There we see Mrs. Van Daan being looked after by the dentist Dussel. The latter touches a bad tooth with his probe. Mrs. Van Daan then lets out "incoherent cries of pain." She tries to pull the little probe away. The dentist looks at the scene, his hands on his hips. The onlookers all "roared with laughter." Anne, instead of showing the least distress in the face of these cries or this mad laughter, declares: "It was rotten of us, because I for one am quite sure that I should have screamed even louder."

The remarks that I am making here in regard to noises I could repeat in regard to all of the realities of physical and mental life. The Diary even presents the peculiarity that not one aspect of the life that is lived there avoids being either unlikely, incoherent, or absurd. At the time of their arrival in their hiding place, the Franks install some curtains to hide their presence. But, to install curtains at windows which did not have them up until then, is that not the best means of drawing attention to one's arrival? Is that not particularly the case if those curtains are made of pieces of "all different shapes, quality and pattern" (11 July 1942)? In order not to betray their presence, the Franks burn their refuse. But in doing this they call attention to their presence by the smoke that escapes from the roof of a building that is supposed to be uninhabited! They make a fire for the first time on 30 October 1942, although they arrived in that place on 6 July. One asks oneself what they could have done with their refuse for the 116 days of the summer. I recall, on the other hand, that the deliveries of food are enormous. In normal conditions, the persons in hiding and their guests each day consume eight breakfasts, eight to twelve lunches and eight dinners. In nine passages of the book they allude to bad or mediocre or insufficient food. Otherwise the food is abundant and "delicious." Mr. Van Daan "takes a lot of everything" and Dussel takes "enormous helpings" of food (9 August 1943) . On the spot they make wet and dry sausages, strawberry jam, and preserves in jars. Brandy or alcohol, cognac, wines, and cigarettes do not seem to be lacking either. Coffee is so common that one does not understand why the author, enumerating (23 July 1943) what each would wish to do on the day when they would be able to leave that hiding place, says that Mrs. Frank's fondest wish would be to have a cup of coffee. On the other hand, on 3 February 1944 -- during the terrible winter of '43/'44 -- here is the inventory of the supplies available for those in hiding alone, to the exclusion of any cohabiting friend or "enemy:" 60 pounds of corn, nearly 60 pounds of beans and 10 pounds of peas, 50 cans of vegetables, 10 cans of fish, 40 cans of milk, 10 kilos of powdered milk, 3 bottles of salad oil, 4 preserving jars of butter, 4 jars of meat, 2 bottles of strawberries, 2 bottles of raspberries, 20 bottles of tomatoes, 10 pounds of rolled oats, and 8 pounds of rice. There enter, at other moments, some sacks of vegetables each weighing 25 kilos, or again a sack of 19 pounds of green peas (8 July 1944). The deliveries are made by a "nice greengrocer," and always "during the lunch hour" (11 April 1944). This is hard to believe. In a city described elsewhere as starving, how could a greengrocer leave his store, in broad daylight, with such loads to go to deliver them to a house located in a busy neighborhood? How could this greengrocer, in his own neighborhood (he was "at the corner"), avoid meeting his normal customers for whom, in that time of scarcity, he ought normally to be a person to be sought out and begged for favors? There are many other mysteries in regard to other merchandise and the manner in which it reaches the hiding place. For holidays, and for the birthdays of the persons in hiding, the gifts are plentiful: carnations, peonies, narcissuses, hyacinths, flower pots, cakes, books, sweets, cigarette lighters, jewels, shaving necessities, roulette games, etc. I would draw attention to a real feat achieved by Elli. She finds the means of offering some grapes on 23 July 1943. I repeat: some grapes, in Amsterdam, on 23 July. They even tell us the price: 5 florins per kilo.

The invention of the "swinging cupboard" is an absurdity. In fact, the part of the house which is supposed to have protected the persons in hiding existed well before their arrival. Therefore, to install a cupboard is to point out, if not someone's presence, at least a change in that part of the property. That transformation of the premises -- accompanied by the noise of the carpentry work -- could not have escaped the notice of the "enemies" and, in particular, of the cleaning woman. And this pretended "subterfuge," intended to mislead the police in case of a search, is indeed likely, to the contrary, to put them on their guard. (" a lot of houses are being searched for hidden bicycles," says Anne on 21 August 1942, and it is for that reason that the entrance door of the hiding place had been thus hidden.) The police, not finding any entrance door to the building which serves as a hiding place would have been surprised by this oddity and would have quickly discovered that someone had wanted to fool them, because they would find themselves before a residential building without an entrance!

Improbabilities, incoherencies, and absurdities abound likewise in regard to the following points: the windows (open and closing), the electricity (on and off), the coal (appropriated from the common pile without the "enemies" realizing it), the openings and closings of the curtains or the camouflage, the use of the water and of the toilet, the means of doing the cooking, the movements of the cats, the moving from the front-house to the annex (and vice-versa), the behavior of the night watchman, etc. The long letter of 11 April 1944 is particularly absurd. It reports a case of burglary. Let it be said in passing

that the police are there portrayed to us as stopping in front of the "swinging cupboard," in the middle of the night, under the electric light, in search of the burglars who committed the housebreaking. They rattle the "swinging cupboard." These police, accompanied by the night watchman, do not notice anything and do not seek to enter the annex! As Anne says: "God truly protected us "

On 27 February 1943, they tell us that the new owner has fortunately not insisted on visiting the annex. Koophuis told him that he did not have the key with him, and that the new owner, although accompanied by an architect, did not examine his new acquisition either on that day or on any other day.

When one has a whole year to choose a hiding place (see 5 July 1942), does one choose his office? Does one bring his family there? And a colleague? And the colleague's family? Do you choose a place full of "enemies" where the police and the Germans would come automatically to search for you if they do not find you at your home? Those Germans, it is true, are not very inquisitive. On 5 July 1942 (a Sunday) father Frank (unless it is Margot?!) received a summons from the SS (see the letter of 8 July 1942). That summons would not have any follow-up. Margot, sought by the SS, makes her way to the hiding place by bicycle, and on 6 June, when, according to the first of two letters dated 20 June, the Jews had had their bicycles confiscated for some time.

In order to dispute the authenticity of the story, one could call upon arguments of a psychological, literary, or historical nature. I will refrain from that here. I will simply remark that the physical absurdities are so serious and numerous that they must have an effect on the psychological, literary, and historical levels.

One ought not to attribute to the imagination of the author or to the richness of her personality some things that are, in reality, inconceivable. The inconceivable is "that of which the mind cannot form any likeness because the terms which designate it involve an impossibility or a contradiction": for example, a squared circle. The one who says that he has seen one squared circle, ten squared circles, one hundred squared circles does not give evidence either of a fertile imagination or of a rich personality. For, in fact, what he says means exactly nothing. He proves his poverty of imagination. That is all. The absurdities of the Diary are those of a poor imagination that develops outside of a lived experience. They are worthy of a poor novel or of a poor lie. Every personality, however poor it may be, contains what it is proper to call psychological, mental, or moral contradictions. I will refrain from demonstrating here that Anne's personality contains nothing like that. Her personality is invented and is as hard to believe as the experience that the Diary is supposed to relate. From a historical point of view, I would not be surprised if a study of the Dutch newspapers, the English radio and Dutch radio from June 1942 to August 1944 would prove fraud on the part of the real author of the diary. On 9 October 1942, Anne speaks already of Jews "being gassed" (Dutch text: "Vergassing")!

A study of the premises

Whoever has just read the Diary can normally only be shocked on seeing the "Anne Frank House" for the first time. He discovers a "glass house" which is visible and observable from all sides and accessible on its four sides. He discovers also that the plan of the house -- as it is reproduced in the book through the good offices of Otto Frank -- constitutes a distortion of reality. Otto Frank had taken care not to draw the ground floor and had taken care not to tell us that the small courtyard separating the front house from the annex was only 12 feet 2 inches (3.7 meters) wide. He had especially taken care not to point out to us that this same small courtyard is common to the "Anne Frank House" (263 Prinsengracht) and to the house located to the right when you look at the façade (265 Prinsengracht). Thanks to a whole series of windows and window-doors, the people of 263 and those of 265 lived and moved about under the eyes and under the noses (cooking odors!) of their respective neighbors. The two houses are really only one. Besides, the museum today connects the two houses. Furthermore, the annex had its own entrance thanks to a door leading, from the rear, to a garden. This garden is common to 263 Prinsengracht and to the people opposite, living at 190 Keizersgracht. (When one is in the museum one very distinctly sees those people at 190 and many other addresses on Keizersgracht.) From this side (the garden side) and from the other side (the canal side) I counted two hundred windows of old houses from which people had a view of the "Anne Frank House." Even the residents of 261 Prinsengracht could have access to 263 by the roofs. It is foolish to let yourself believe in the least possibility of a really secret life in those premises. I say that while taking into account, of course, the changes made to the premises since the war. While pointing out the view on the garden, I asked ten successive visitors how Anne Frank could have lived there hidden with her family for twenty-five months. After a moment of surprise (for the visitors to the museum generally live in a sort of state of hypnosis), each of the ten successive visitors realized, in a few seconds, that it

was totally impossible. The reactions were varied; with some, dismay; with others, an outburst of laughter ("My God!"). One visitor, no doubt offended, said to me: "Don't you think that it is better to leave the people to their dreams?" No one supported the thesis of the Diary in spite of some rather pitiful explanations furnished by the prospectus or by the inscriptions in the museum.

The explanations are the following:

1. The "enemies" finding themselves in one of the rooms of the front house believed that the windows which look out on the small courtyard look directly on the garden; they were unaware therefore even of the existence of an annex; and if they were unaware of that, it is because the windows were hidden by black paper, to assure the conservation of the spices stored there;
2. As regards the Germans, they had never thought of the existence of an annex, "especially as this type of building was quite unknown to them";
3. The smoke from the stove "did not draw their attention because at that time the part (where they were located) served as a laboratory for the small factory, where a stove likewise must have burned every day."

The first two of these three explanations come from a 36-page booklet, without title and without date, printed by Koersen, Amsterdam. The last comes from the four-page prospectus that is available at the entrance to the museum. The content of these two publications has received the endorsement of Mr. Otto Frank. But in all three cases these explanations have not the least value. The annex was visible and obvious from a hundred aspects from the ground floor (forbidden to visitors), from the garden, from the connecting corridors on four levels, from the two windows of the office on the courtyard, from the neighboring houses. Certain of the "enemies" even had to visit there to go to the toilet because there was nothing for that in the front house. The ground floor of the rear house even admitted some customers of the business. As to the "small factory" which is supposed to have existed "in that period," in the very heart of that residential and commercial neighborhood, it is supposed to have remained for at least two years without emitting smoke, and then, suddenly, on 30 October 1942 it is supposed to have begun again to emit the smoke. And what smoke! Day and night! In winter as in summer, in sweltering heat or not. In the view of everyone (and, in particular, of "enemies" such as Lewin who had formerly had his chemical laboratory there), the "small factory" would have started up again! But why did Mr. Frank strain his wits to find that explanation, when, in other respects, the annex is already described as a sort of ghost-house?

In conclusion on this point, I would say that, if I am not mistaken in denying any value in these "explanations," we have the right to assert:

1. Some facts that are very important to Mr. Otto Frank remain without explanation;
2. Mr. Otto Frank is capable of making up stories, even stupid and mediocre stories, exactly like the ones I have pointed out in my critical reading of the Diary. I ask that my reader remember this conclusion. He will see below what answer Mr. Frank personally made to me, in the presence of his wife.

For the photographic documentation concerning the "Anne Frank House," see Appendix 1.

Interview with Otto Frank

I had made it known to Mr. Otto Frank that with my students I was preparing a study of the Diary. I had made it clear that my specialty was the criticism of texts and documents and that I needed an extended interview. Mr. Frank granted me that interview with eagerness, and it was thus that I was received at his residence in Birsfelden, a suburb of Basel, first on 24 March 1977, from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., then from 3:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. and, finally, the next day, from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.. Actually, on the next day the meeting place had been arranged to be in a bank in Basel. Mr. Frank was intent upon taking out of a safe deposit box, in my presence, what he called the manuscripts of his daughter. Our interview was therefore carried out on that day in part at the bank, in part on the road back toward Birsfelden and, in part, once more, at Mr. Frank's residence. All the interviews that took place at his residence were in the presence of his wife (his second wife, since the first died after being deported, from typhus it seems, as did Margot and Anne). After the first minute of our interview, I declared point blank to Mr. and Mrs. Frank that I had some doubts about the authenticity of the Diary. Mr. Frank did not show any surprise. He declared himself to be ready to furnish me all of the information I would want. I was

struck, during those two days, by the extreme amiability of Mr. Frank. In spite of his age -- 88 years -- he never used the excuse of his weariness in order to shorten our interview. In the Diary, he is described as a man full of charm (see 2 March 1944). He inspires confidence. He knows how to anticipate your unexpressed desires. He adapts himself remarkably to situations. He willingly adopts an argument based on emotion. He speaks very much of tolerance and of understanding. I only once saw him lose his temper and show himself to be uncompromising and violent; that was in regard to the Zionist cause, which must seem sacred to him. It was in that manner that he declared to me that he no longer even sets foot on the soil of France because, in his opinion, France is no longer interested in anything except Arab oil and doesn't care about Israel. On only three points did Mr. Frank fail in his promise to answer my questions. It is interesting to know that those three points were the following:

1. the address of Elli, in the Netherlands;
2. the means of rediscovering the trail of the store employee called V.M. in the book (I know that he is probably named Van Maaren);
3. the means of rediscovering the Austrian Karl Silberbauer who had arrested the persons in hiding on 4 August 1944.

In regard to Elli, Mr. Frank declared to me that she was very ill and that, because she was "not very intelligent," she could not be of any help to me. As to the other two witnesses, they had had enough trouble without my going to pester them with some questions that would remind them of an unhappy past. To compensate for that, Mr. Frank recommended that I get in touch with Kraler (by his real name, Kugler), settled in Canada, and with Miep and her husband, still living in Amsterdam.

In regard to the Diary itself, Mr. Frank declared to me that the basis of it was authentic. The events related were true. It was Anne, and Anne alone who had written the manuscripts of that Diary. Like every literary author, Anne perhaps had some tendencies either to exaggeration or to imaginative changes, but all within ordinary and acceptable limits, without letting the truth or the facts suffer from it. Anne's manuscripts form an important whole. What Mr. Frank had presented to the publishers was not the text of these manuscripts, the purely original text, but a text that he in person had typewritten: a "tapuscript." He had been obliged to transform the various manuscripts in this way to a single "tapuscript" for various reasons. First, the manuscripts presented some repetitions. Then, they contained some indiscretions. Then, there were passages without any interest. Finally, there were some omissions! Mr. Frank, noticing my surprise, gave me the following example (a no doubt harmless example, but are there not more serious ones that he hid from me?): Anne very much liked her uncles but in her Diary she had neglected to mention them among the persons that she cherished; therefore, Mr. Frank repaired that "omission" by mentioning those uncles in the "tapuscript." Mr. Frank said that he had changed some dates! He had likewise changed the names of the characters. It was Anne herself, it seems, who had no doubt thought of changing the names. She had envisaged the possibility of publication. Mr. Frank had discovered, on a piece of paper, the list of the real names with their equivalent false names. Anne is supposed to have thought of calling the Franks by the name of Robin. Mr. Frank had cut out of the manuscripts certain indications of the prices of things. More important, finding himself, at least for certain periods, in possession of two different versions of the text, it had been necessary for him to "combine" (the word is his) two texts into one single text. Summarizing all those transformations, Mr. Frank finally declared to me: "That was a difficult task. I did that task according to my conscience."

The manuscripts that Mr. Frank presented to me as being those of his daughter form an impressive whole. I did not have the time to look at them closely. I trusted in the description of them that was given to me and I will summarize them in the following way:

1. The first date mentioned is that of 12 June 1942; the last is that of 1 August 1944 (three days before their arrest);
2. The period from 12 June 1942 to 5 December of the same year (but that date does not correspond to any printed letter); we have at our disposal a small notebook with a linen cover, with a red, white and brown plaid design (the "Scotch notebook");
3. The period from 6 December 1942 to 21 December 1943; we do not possess any special notebook (but see below, the loose leaf sheets). This notebook is supposed to have been lost;
4. The period from 2 December 1942 to 17 April 1944, then for the period from that same date of 17 April (!) to the last letter (1 August 1944); two black-bound notebooks, covered with brown paper.

To those three notebooks and to the missing notebook is added a collection of 338 loose leaf sheets for the period 20 June 1942 to 29 March 1944. Mr. Frank said that those sheets constitute a resumption and a reshaping, by Anne herself, of letters

which are contained, in an original form, in the above-mentioned notebooks: the "Scotch notebook," the missing notebook, and the first of the two black notebooks.

Up to this point the total of what Anne is supposed to have written during her twenty-five months of hiding is therefore in five volumes. To that total it is appropriate to add the collection of the Stories. These stories are supposed to have been made up by Anne. The text is presented as a perfect copy. The copy can only involve, to begin with, a work of editing from a rough draft; Anne therefore must have done a lot a scribbling!

I have no competence in the matter of handwriting analysis and therefore I cannot express an opinion on that matter. I can only give here my impressions. My impressions were that the "Scotch notebook" contained some photos, pictures and drawings as well as a variety of very juvenile writing styles, the confusion and fantasy of which appeared authentic. It would be necessary to look closely at the handwriting of the texts which were used by Mr. Frank in order to form the basis of the Diary. The other notebooks and the whole of the 338 loose leaf sheets are in what I would call an adult handwriting. As regards the manuscript of the Stories, it very much surprised me. One would say that it was the work of an experienced accountant and not the work of a 14-year-old child. The table of contents is presented as a list of the Stories with the date of composition, the title and the page number for each piece!

Mr. Frank had a high opinion of the conclusions of the two expert reports called for, about 1960, by the prosecution in Lübeck in order to examine the case of a teacher (Lothar Stielau) who, in 1959, had expressed some doubts about the authenticity of the Diary (Case 2js 19/59, VU 10/59). Mr. Frank had registered a complaint against that teacher. The handwriting report had been entrusted to Mrs. Minna Becker. Mrs. Annemarie Hübner had been charged with attesting whether the texts printed in Dutch and German were faithful to the texts of the manuscript. The two expert reports, submitted as evidence in 1961, turned out to be favorable to Mr. Frank.

But, on the other hand, what Mr. Frank did not reveal to me -- and what I had to learn after my visit, and from a German source -- is that the prosecutor in Lübeck had decided to get a third expert report. Why a third expert report? And on what point, given that, according to all appearances, the whole field possible for investigation had been explored by the handwriting expert and by Mrs. Hübner? The answer to these questions is the following: the prosecutor thought that an expert report of the kind done by Mrs. Hübner risked declaring that Lothar Stielau was right about the facts. In view of the first analyses, it was going to be impossible to declare that the Diary was dokumentarisch echt (documentarily genuine) (!). Perhaps they could have it declared literarisch echt (literarily genuine) (!). The novelist Friedrich Sieburg was going to be charged with answering that odd question.

Of those three expert reports, only that of Mrs. Hübner would have really been of interest to me. On 20 January 1978, a letter from Mrs. Hübner let me hope that I would obtain a copy of her expert report. A short time afterward, when Mrs. Hübner did not respond to my letters, I had a German friend telephone her. She made it known to him that "the question was very delicate, given that a trial on the question of the Diary was presently under way in Frankfurt." She added that she had gotten in touch with Mr. Frank. According to the few elements that I possess of the content of that expert's report, it is supposed to have noted a large number of facts that were interesting from the point of view of the comparison of the texts (manuscripts, "tapuscript," Dutch text, German text). Mrs. Hübner is supposed to have mentioned there some very numerous "omissions" (Auslassungen), "additions" (Zusätze), and "interpolations" (Interpolationen). She is supposed to have spoken of the text "adapted" for the necessities of publication (überarbeitet). Furthermore, she is supposed to have gone so far as to name some persons who supposedly gave their "collaboration" (Zusammenarbeit) to Mr. Frank in his editing of the "tapuscript." Those persons are supposed to have collaborated in the drawing up of the German text, in place of contenting herself with the role of translator.

In spite of those facts that she herself pointed out, Mrs. Hübner is supposed to have concluded on the authenticity of the Diary (Dutch printed text and German printed text). She is therefore supposed to have expressed the following opinion: "Those facts are not important." Now that opinion can only be her personal view. There is the whole question: Who assures us that quite another judgment could not be brought forth on the facts pointed out by the expert? And besides, to begin with, has the expert shown impartiality and a really scientific spirit in naming the facts as she has named them? What she has called, for example, "interpolations" (a word with a scientific appearance and an ambiguous significance) would others not call them "retouchings," "alterations," "insertions" (words no doubt more exact, and more precise)? In the same fashion, words such as "additions" and especially "omissions" are neutral in appearance but, in reality, they hide some confused

realities: an "addition" or an "omission" can be honest or dishonest; they can change nothing important in a text or they can, to the contrary, alter it profoundly. In the particular case that interests us here, those two words have a frankly benign appearance!

In any case it is impossible to consider those three expert opinions (Becker, Hübner, and Sieburg) as conclusive, because they had not been examined by a court. In fact, for some reasons of which I am unaware, Mr. Frank was to withdraw his complaint against Lothar Stielau. If my information is correct, Stielau agreed to pay 1,000 Marks of the 15,712 Marks of the cost of the proceedings begun. I suppose that Mr. Frank paid to the court of Lübeck those 1,000 Marks and that he had added to that sum 14,712 Marks for his own part. I recall that Mr. Frank told me that Lothar Stielau had, moreover, agreed to present him with his written apology. Lothar Stielau had lost his job as a teacher at the same time. Mr. Frank did not speak to me about Heinrich Buddeberg, Lothar Stielau's co-defendant. Perhaps Buddeberg himself also had to turn over 1,000 Marks and to present his apologies.

I linger here on these matters of expert opinions only because in our interview Mr. Frank had himself lingered there, while not mentioning certain important facts (for example, the existence of a third expert opinion), and while presenting to me the two expert opinions as conclusive. The matter of the manuscripts did not interest me very much either. I knew that I would not have the time to examine them closely. What interested me most of all was to know how Mr. Frank would have explained to me the "unexplainable quantity of unlikely or inconceivable facts" that I had called attention to in reading the Diary. After all, what does it matter that some manuscripts, even declared authentic by some experts, contain this type of facts, if those facts could not have existed? But Mr. Frank was to show himself to be incapable of furnishing me with the least explanation. In my opinion he was expecting to see the authenticity of the Diary questioned by the usual arguments, of the psychological, literary, or historical order. He did not expect arguments of internal criticism bearing on the realities of material life: the realities which, as one knows, are stubborn. In a moment of confusion, Mr. Frank moreover declared to me: "But I had never thought about those material matters!"

Before coming to some precise examples of that confession, I owe it to the truth to say that on two occasions Mr. Frank gave me good answers and those were in regard to two episodes that I have not mentioned up to now, precisely because they were to find an explanation. The first episode was incomprehensible to me because of a small omission from the French translation (I did not possess at that time the Dutch text). The second episode was incomprehensible to me because of an error that figures in all the printed texts of the Diary. Where, on the date of 8 July 1944, it is a question of the male greengrocer, the manuscript gives: "la marchande de légumes" (the female greengrocer). And that is fortunate, for a careful reader of the book knows very well that the greengrocer in question could not have delivered to those in hiding "19 pounds of green peas" (!) on 8 July 1944 for the good reason that he had been arrested 45 days before by the Germans for one of the most serious of reasons (he had had two Jews at his home). That act had set him "on the edge of an abyss" (25 May 1944). One has a hard time understanding how a greengrocer leaps from "the abyss" in order to thus deliver to some other Jews such a quantity of compromising merchandise. To tell the truth, one does not understand very much better the wife of that unfortunate man, but the fact is there, the text of the manuscript is not absurd like that of the Dutch, French, German, and English printings. The writer of the manuscript had been more careful. It remains that the error of the printed texts was perhaps not an error, but indeed a deliberate and unfortunate correction of the manuscript. We read, in fact, in the printed Dutch text: van der groenteboer om de hoek, 19 pond (cries Margot); and Anne answers; Dat is aarding van hem. In other words, Margot and Anne used the masculine on two occasions; "from the (male) greengrocer on the corner 19 pounds," Anne's answer: "That's nice of him." For my part, I would draw two other conclusions from that episode:

1. Internal criticism bearing on the coherence of a text allows us to detect some anomalies which are revealed to be true anomalies;
2. A reader of the Diary, having come to that episode of 8 July 1944, would be right to declare absurd a book in which the hero ("the nice greengrocer on the corner") leaps back out of the depths of the abyss as one would rise up from the dead.

That greengrocer, Mr. Frank told me, was named Van der Hoeven. Deported for having harbored Jews at his home, he came back from deportation. At the time of the commemorative ceremonies, he had come back to appear at the side of Mr. Frank. I asked Mr. Frank if, after the war, some people from the neighborhood had declared to him: "We suspected the presence of people in hiding at 263 Prinsengracht." Mr. Frank clearly answered me that no one had suspected their presence, including the men of the store, including Lewin, also including Van der Hoeven. The latter supposedly helped them without knowing

it!

In spite of my repeated questions on this point, Mr. Frank was not able to tell me what his neighbors at No. 261 sold or made. He did not remember that there had been in his own house, at No. 263, a housekeeper described in the book as a possible "enemy." He ended by answering me that she was "very, very old" and that she only came very rarely, perhaps once a week. I said to him that she must have been astonished to suddenly see the installation of the "swinging cupboard" on the landing of the second floor. He answered no, given that the housekeeper never came there. That answer was to provoke for the first time a kind of dispute between Mr. Frank and his wife, who was present at our interview. Beforehand, in fact, I had taken the precaution of having Mr. Frank make it clear to me that those in hiding had never done any housekeeping outside of cleaning a part of the annex. The logical conclusion of Mr. Frank's two statements therefore became: "For twenty-five months, no one had done any cleaning of the landing on the second floor." In the face of that improbability, Mrs. Frank suddenly broke in to say to her husband: "Nonsense! No cleaning on that landing! In a factory! But there would have been dust this high!" What Mrs. Frank could have added is that the landing was supposed to have served as a passageway for the people in hiding in their comings and goings between the annex and the front house. The trail of their goings and comings would have been obvious in the midst of so much accumulated dust, even without taking into account the dust from the coal brought from downstairs. In fact, Mr. Frank could not have told the truth when he spoke in this way about a kind of phantom housekeeper for a house so vast and so dirty.

On several occasions, at the beginning of our interview, Mr. Frank thus attempted to supply some explanations which, finally, did not explain anything at all and which led him, to the contrary, into some impasses. I must say here that the presence of his wife was to prove to be especially useful. Mrs. Frank, who was very well acquainted with the Diary, obviously believed up to then in the authenticity of the Diary as well as in the sincerity of her husband. Her surprise was only more striking in the face of the terrible quality of Mr. Frank's answers to my questions. For myself, I retain a painful memory of what I would call certain "realizations" by Mrs. Frank. I do not at all wish to say that Mrs. Frank today takes her husband for a liar. But I claim that Mrs. Frank was strongly conscious, at the time of our interview, of the anomalies and of the serious absurdities of the whole story of Anne Frank. Hearing the "explanations" of her husband, she came to use toward him some phrases of the following kind:

> "Nonsense!"
>
> "What you are saying is unbelievable!"
>
> "A vacuum cleaner! That is unbelievable! I had never noticed it!"
>
> "But you were really foolhardy!"
>
> "That was really foolhardy!"

The most interesting remark that Mrs. Frank made was the following: "I am sure that the people (of the neighborhood) knew that you were there." For my part, I would say rather: "I am sure that the people of the neighborhood would have seen, heard, and smelled the presence of the persons in hiding, if there were indeed some persons hidden in that house for twenty-five months."

I would take one other example of Mr. Frank's explanations. According to him, the people who worked in the front house could not see the main part of the annex because of the "masking paper on the window panes." This statement, which is found in the brochure of the "museum," was repeated to me by Mr. Frank in the presence of his wife. Without pausing at that statement, I went on to another subject: that of the consumption of electricity. I made the remark that the consumption of electricity in the house must have been considerable. Because Mr. Frank was surprised by my remark, I stated it precisely: "That consumption must have been considerable because the electric light was on all day in the office on the courtyard and in the store on the courtyard in the front house." Mr. Frank then said to me: "How is that? The electric light is not necessary in broad daylight!" I indicated to him how those rooms could not receive daylight, knowing that the windows had some "masking paper" on them. Mr. Frank then answered me that those rooms were not so very dark: a disconcerting answer which found itself in contradiction with the statement of the booklet written by Mr. Frank: "Spices must be kept in

the dark " (page 27 of the 36 page booklet mentioned above on page 82). Mr. Frank then dared to add that, all the same, what one saw through those windows on the courtyard was only a wall. He specified, contrary to all evidence, that one did not see that it was the wall of a house! That detail contradicted the following passage of the same prospectus: "therefore, although you saw windows, you could not see through them, and everyone took it for granted that they overlooked the garden" (ibidem). I asked if those masked windows were nevertheless sometimes open, if only for airing out the office where they received visitors, if only in the summer, on swelteringly hot days. Mrs. Frank agreed with me on that and remarked that those windows must all the same have been open sometimes. Silence from Mr. Frank.

The list of the noises left Mr. Frank, and especially Mrs. Frank, perplexed. As regards the vacuum cleaner, Mr. Frank was startled and declared to me: "But there could not have been a vacuum cleaner there." Then, in the face of my assurance that there had been one, he began to stammer. He told me that, if indeed there had been a vacuum cleaner, they must have run it in the evening, when the employees (the "enemies") had left the front house, after work. I objected that the noise of a vacuum cleaner of that era would have been so much better heard by the neighbors (the walls were "thin," 25 March 1943) as it would have occurred in empty rooms or close to empty rooms. I revealed to him that, in any case, Mrs. Van Daan, for her part, was supposed to have used that vacuum cleaner every day, regularly, at about 12:30 pm (the window probably being open). Silence from Mr. Frank, while Mrs. Frank was visibly moved. The same silence for the alarm clock, with the sometimes untimely alarm (4 August 1943). The same silence for the removal of the ashes, especially on swelteringly hot days. The same silence about the borrowing, by the persons in hiding, from the supply of coal (a rare commodity) common to the whole house. Even silence about the question of the bicycles used after their confiscation and after the prohibition of their use by Jews.

A number of questions therefore remained without answers or even at first gave rise to some explanations by which Mr. Frank worsened his case. Then Mr. Frank had, as it were, a windfall: a magic formula. That formula was the following: "Mr. Faurisson, you are theoretically and scientifically right. I agree with you 100 percent What you pointed out to me was, in fact, impossible. But, in practice, it was nevertheless in that way that things happened." I pointed out to Mr. Frank that his statement troubled me. I told him that it was almost as if he agreed with me that a door could not be at the same time open and closed and as if, in spite of that, he stated that he had seen such a door. I pointed out to him, in another connection, that the words "scientifically" and "theoretically" and "in practice" were unnecessary and introduced a distinction devoid of meaning because, in any case, "theoretically," "scientifically," and "in practice" a door at the same time open and closed quite simply cannot exist. I added that I would prefer to each particular question an appropriate response or, if need be, no answer at all.

Near the beginning of our interview, Mr. Frank had made, in the friendliest way in the world, a major concession, a concession announced by me above on page 83. As I began to make him understand that I found absurd the explanations that he had furnished in his prospectuses, both regarding the ignorance of the Germans about the architecture typical of Dutch houses and about the presence of smoke constantly above the roof of the annex (the "little factory"), he wanted to admit right away, without any insistence on my part, that it was a question there of pure inventions on his part. Without using, it is true, the word "inventions," he declared to me, in substance: "You are quite right. In the explanations that are given to visitors, it is necessary to simplify. That is not so serious. It is necessary to make that agreeable to visitors. This is not the scientific way of doing things. One is not always able to be scientific."

That confidential remark enlightens us on what I believe to be a character trait of Mr. Frank: Mr. Frank has the sense of what pleases the public and he seeks to adapt himself to it, free to take liberties with the truth. Mr. Frank is not a man to give himself a headache. He knows that the general public is satisfied with little. The general public seeks a sort of comfort, a sort of dream, a sort of easy world where it will be brought exactly the kind of emotion that confirms it in its habits of feeling, seeing, and reasoning. That smoke above the roof could disturb the general public? What does it matter? Let's make up an explanation not necessarily probable, but simple and, if it is necessary, simple and crude. Perfection is reached if that fabrication confirms some accepted ideas or habitual feelings: for example, it is very probable that for those who love Anne Frank and who come to visit her house, the Germans are brutes aud beasts; well, they will find a confirmation of that in Mr. Frank's explanations: the Germans went so for as to be unaware of the architecture typical of the houses in Amsterdam. In a general way, Mr. Frank appeared to me, on more than one occasion, as a man devoid of finesse (but not of cunning) for whom a literary work is, in relation to reality, a form of lying contrivance, a domain where one takes liberties with the truth, a thing which "is not so serious" and which allows for writing almost anything.

I asked Mr. Frank what explanations he could furnish me on the two points where he agreed that he had said nothing serious to the visitors. He could not answer me. I questioned him about the layout of the premises. I had noted some anomalies in the plan of the house, such as it is reproduced - by Mr. Frank -- in all the editions of the Diary. Those anomalies had been confirmed for me by my visit to the museum (taking account of the changes made in the premises in order to make it into a museum). It was then that once again Mr. Frank went on to be led, in the face of the physical evidence, to make some new and important concessions to me, especially, as is going to be seen in regard to the "swinging cupboard." He began by admitting that the diagram of the plan ought not to have concealed from the reader that the small courtyard which separates the front house from the annex was common to No. 263 (the Frank house) and to No. 265 (the house of their neighbors and "enemies"). It seems bizarre that, in the Diary, there was not the slightest allusion to the fact, which, for the persons in hiding, was of extreme importance. Mr. Frank then acknowledged that the diagram of the place let people believe that on the third floor the flat roof was not accessible; but that roof was accessible by a door from the annex and it could very well have offered to the police or to the "enemies" an easy way of access into the very heart of the premises inhabited by the persons in hiding. Finally and especially, Mr. Frank conceded to me that the "swinging cupboard" did not make any sense. He recognized that his ruse could not, in any case, have prevented a search of the annex, seeing that that annex was accessible in other ways, and especially in the most natural way -- the entrance door leading out to the garden. That entrance, it is true, does not appear on the schema because the schema does not contain any drawing of the whole ground floor. As to the museum visitors, they do not have access to this same ground floor. That famous "swinging cupboard" thus became a particularly strange invention of "the persons in hiding." One must, in fact, think here that the making of that "swinging cupboard" was a dangerous job. The destruction of the stair steps, the assembling of that false cupboard, the change of a passageway into an apparent dead end, all that could only give warning to the "enemies." All that had of course been suggested by Kraler and carried out by Vossen (21 August 1942)!

The more that my interview went on, the more the embarassment of Mr. Frank became visible. But his amiability did not fail; quite the contrary. At the end, Mr. Frank went on to use a sentimental argument, apparently clever and in a good natured tone. That argument was the following: "Yes, I agree with you, we were a little imprudent. Certain things were a little dangerous, it is necessary to recognize that. Besides, it is perhaps the reason why we were finally arrested. But do not believe, Mr. Faurisson, that the people were suspicious at that point." That curious argumentation went on to suggest to Mr. Frank sentences such as: "The people were decent!" or even: "The Dutch were good!," or even, on two occasions: "The people were good!"

These sentences have only one inconvenience: they render absurd all of the "precautions" pointed out in the book. To a certain extent, they even rob the book of its meaning. The book recounts, as a matter of fact, the tragic adventure of eight persons hunted down, forced to hide, to bury themselves alive for twenty-five months in the midst of a ferociously hostile world. In those "days in the tomb" only some select few people knew of their existence and brought them help. One could say that in resorting to his last arguments, Mr. Frank tried with one hand to fill in the cracks in a work which, with the other hand, he was dismantling.

On the evening of our first day of interviews, Mr. Frank handed to me his own copy, in French, of the book by Ernst Schnabel: Spur eines Kindes (French title: Sur les traces d'Anne Frank; English title: Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage). He told me that I would perhaps find in that book some answers to certain of my questions. The pages of that copy were not cut. It should be mentioned that Mr. Frank speaks and understands French, but he reads it with a little difficulty. (I should make it clear here that all our interviews took place in English, a language that Mr. Frank has mastered perfectly.) I had not yet read that book, because the strict observance of the methods proper to pure internal criticism obliges one to read nothing about a work so long as one has not yet personally gotten a clear idea of that work. During the night that preceeded our second interview, I glanced through the book. Among a dozen points that acted to confirm to me that the Diary was a fable (in spite of the fact that Schnabel made many efforts to persuade us of the contrary), I call attention to an amazing passage on page 151 of the French text. That passage concerned Mr. Vossen, the man who, it seemed, had devoted himself, as carpenter, to making the "swinging cupboard" intended to conceal the persons in hiding (Diary, 21 August 1942). "Good old Vossen" was supposed to work at 263 Prinsengracht. He kept the persons in hiding up-to-date on everything that took place in the store. But illness had forced him to retire to his home, where his daughter Elli joined him after her own work hours. On 15 June 1943, Anne spoke about him as a precious friend. But, if one believes a remark of Elli reported by Schnabel, good old Vossen was unaware of the existence of the Franks at 263 Prinsengracht! Elli recounts, in fact, that on 4 August 1944, when she returned to her residence, she informed her father of the arrest of the Franks. The French text of Schnabel says: "I was seated at the side of the bed and I had told him everything. My father very much liked Mr. Frank, whom he had known for a long time. He was not aware that the Franks had not left for Switzerland, as was claimed, but had hidden

themselves on the Prinsengracht." But what is incomprehensible is that Vossen could have believed in that rumor. For nearly a year he had seen the Franks at Prinsengracht, he had spoken with them, he had helped them and he had become their friend. Then, when because of his bad health he had left his job on the Prinsengracht, his daughter Elli was able to keep him up to date on the doings of his friends, the Franks.

Mr. Frank was not able to explain to me that passage from Schnabel's book. Rushing to the German and the English texts of the same work, he made a surprising discovery: the whole passage where Elli spoke with her father did indeed appear in those texts, but, lacking the sentence beginning with: "He was not aware " and ending with: " the Prinsengracht." In the French text, Elli continued: II ne dit rien. Il restait couché en silence. For comparison, here is the German text:

> Ich setze mich zu ihm ans Bett und habe ihm alles gesagt. Er hing sehr an Herrn Frank, denn er kannte ihn lange [passage missing]. Gesagt hat er nichts. Er hat nur dagelegen. (Anne Frank/Ein Bericht von Ernst Schnabel, Spur eines Kindes, Fischer Bucherei, 1958, 168 pages, page 115.)

And here is the English text:

> I sat down beside his bed and told him everything. He was deeply attached to Mr. Frank, who he had known a long time [passage missing]. He said nothing. (Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage, Ernst Schnabel, Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Harbrace Paperback Library, Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.;1958; 181 pages; page 132.)

After returning to France, it was easy for me to clear up this mystery: from many other points in the French text it became evident that there had existed two original German versions. The first version of Schnabel must have been sent in "tapuscript" to the French publishing house of Albin Michel so that from it there could be prepared a translation into French, without losing time. Thereupon Schnabel or, very probably, Mr. Frank, had gone on to do a revision of its text. He had then left out the problematical sentence about Vossen. Then Fischer published that corrected version. But in France they had done the job in double quick time and the book had already left the presses. It was too late to correct it. I note moreover a bibliographical curiosity: my copy of Sur les traces d'Anne Frank (translated from the German by Marthe Metzger, Editions Albin Michel, 1958, 205 pages) bears a reference to "18th thousand" and its date for the completion of printing was in February 1958. But the first thousand of the original German edition was in March 1958. The translation therefore did indeed appear before the original.

It remains, of course, to know why Ernst Schnabel or Mr. Frank had believed it proper to proceed with that amazing correction. The fact remains that Mr. Frank showed his confusion once more in the face of this further anomaly. We took leave of each other in the most painful of atmospheres, where each token friendliness that Mr. Frank showed me embarrassed me a little more. Shortly after my return to France, I wrote to Mr. Frank to thank him for his hospitality and to ask him Elli's address. He answered me pleasantly while asking me to send him the French copy of Schnabel's book, and without speaking to me about Elli. I sent his copy back to him while again asking him for the address. No answer this time. I telephoned him at Birsfelden. He responded to me that he would not give me that address, and especially now that I had sent to Kraler (Kugler) an "idiotic" letter. I will come back to that letter.

Bibliographical examination

The previously mentioned book by Schnabel (Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage) has some curious omissions, while the long article, unsigned, that Der Spiegel (1 April 1959, pages 51-55) devoted to the diary, in the wake of the Stielau case, brings us some curious revelations. The title of that article is eloquent: "Anne Frank. Was Schrieb das Kind?" ("Anne Frank. What did the Child Write?")

Ernst Schnabel openly defended Anne Frank and Otto Frank. His book is relatively rich on all that precedes and on all that follows the twenty-five months of their life at Prinsengracht. On the other hand, it is very poor concerning those twenty-five months. One would say that the direct witnesses (Miep, Elli, Kraler, Koophuis, Henk) have nothing to say on that very important period. Why do they remain silent in that way? Why have they said only some commonplace things like: "When we had our plate of soup upstairs with them at noon " (page 114)1 or: "We always had lunch together " (page 117)? Not one

concrete detail, not one description, not one anecdote is there that by its preciseness would give the impression that the persons in hiding and their faithful friends regularly ate together this way at noon. Everything appears in a kind of fog. But those witnesses were questioned only thirteen years, at the most, after the arrest of the Franks, and certain of them such as Elli, Miep and Henk, were still young. I am not talking about numerous other persons whom Schnabel wrongly calls "witnesses" but who, in fact, had never known or even met the Franks. This is the case, for example, with the famous "greengrocer" (Gemüsemann). "He did not know the Franks at all" (page 82). In a general way, the impression that I derived from reading Schnabel's book is the following: this Anne Frank had really existed; she had been a little girl without great character, without strong personality, without scholarly precociousness (to the contrary even), and no one suspected her of having an aptitude for writing; that unfortunate child knew the horrors of war; she had been arrested by the Germans; she had been interned, then deported; she passed through the camp at Auschwitz-Birkenau; she had been separated from her father; her mother died in the hospital at Birkenau on 6 January 1945; in approximately October of 1944 she and her sister were transferred to the camp at Bergen-Belsen; Margot died of typhus; then, in her turn, Anne, alone in the world, was also to die of typhus in March of 1945. These are some points about which the witnesses did not hesitate to talk. But with all of them one senses mistrust in the presence of the legendary Anne, who was capable of taking up the pen as we have been told, capable of keeping that diary and writing those stories, and writing "the beginning of a novel," etc. Schnabel himself writes a very revealing sentence when he declares: "My witnesses had a good deal to say about Anne as a person; they took account of the legend only with great reticence, or by tacitly ignoring it. Although they did not take issue with it by so much as a word, I had the impression that they were checking themselves. All of them read Anne's diary; they did not mention it (pages 4-5)." That last sentence is important "All of them had read Anne's diary; they did not mention it." Even Kraler, who sent a long letter to Schnabel from Toronto, did not make mention either of the Diary or of Anne's other writings (page 87). Kraler is the only direct witness to tell an anecdote or two about Anne; but, in a very curious way, he places these anecdotes in the period of time when the Franks still lived in their apartment on Merwedeplein, before their "disappearance" ("before they went into hiding," page 87). It is only in the corrected edition that the second anecdote is placed at Prinsengracht, even "when they were in the secret annex" (page 88). The witnesses did not wish that their names be published. The two most important witnesses (the "probable betrayer" and the Austrian policeman) were neither questioned nor even sought out. Schnabel attempts on several occasions to explain that curious failure (pages 8, 139, and all of the end of chapter ten). He goes so far as to present a sort of defense of the arresting officer! One person nevertheless does mention the Diary, but that is to draw attention to a point in it which seems bizarre to her concerning the Montessori school of which she was the director (page 40). Schnabel himself treats the Diary strangely. How to explain, indeed, the cutting that he does when he cites a passage such as that of his page 123? Quoting a long passage from the letter of 11 April 1944 in which Anne tells about the police raid in the wake of the burglary, he leaves out the sentence in which Anne gives the main reason for her distress; that reason was that the police, it appeared, went so far as to give the "swinging cupboard" some loud blows. ("This, and when the police rattled the cupboard door, were my worst moments.") Wouldn't Schnabel have thought, like any sensible man, that that passage is absurd? In any case, he tells us that he visited 263 Prinsengracht before its transformation into a museum. He did not see any "swinging cupboard" there. He writes: "The cupboard that was built against the door to disguise it has been pulled down. Nothing is left but the twisted hinges hanging beside the door." (page 74) He did not find any trace of a special camouflage, but only, in Anne's room, a yellowed piece of curtain "A tattered, yellowed remnant of curtain still hangs at the window." (page 75). Mr. Frank, it seems, marked in pencil on the wall paper, near one door, the successive heights of his daughters. Today, at the museum, the visitors can see an impeccable square of wall paper, placed under glass, where they notice the perfectly preserved pencil marks which appear to have been drawn the same day. They tell us that these pencil marks indicated the heights of Mr. Frank's children. When I saw Mr. Frank at Birsfelden, I asked him if it was not a question there of a "reconstruction." He assured me all that was authentic. But this is difficult to believe. Schnabel himself had simply seen, as a mark, an "A 42" which he interpreted thus: "Anne 1942." What is strange is that the "authentic" paper in the museum does not bear anything such as that Schnabel said that he had seen, only that mark and that the others had been destroyed or torn off ("the other marks have been stripped off " [ibidem].) Might Mr. Frank have made himself guilty here of a trick (ein Trick), such as that which he had suggested to Henk and to Miep for the photocopy of their passport?

A very interesting point about Anne's story concerns the manuscripts. I regret to say that I find very unlikely the account of the discovery of those many scripts, then their passing on to Mr. Frank by his secretary Miep. The police supposedly scattered the floor with all sorts of papers. Among those papers, Miep and Elli supposedly gathered up a "Scotch notebook" (ein rotkariertes Buch; a red plaid book) and many other writings in which they are supposed to have recognized Anne's writing. They supposedly did not read anything. They are supposed to have put all these papers aside in the large office. Then, those papers supposedly were handed over to Mr. Frank at the time of his return from Poland (pages 179-181.) That account does not agree at all with the account of the arrest. The arrest was made slowly, methodically, correctly, exactly like

the search. The testimonies are unanimous on that point (see chapter nine). After the arrest, the police came back to the premises on several occasions; they especially interrogated Miep. The police wished to know if the Franks were in contact with other persons in hiding. The Diary, such as we know it, would have revealed, at first glance, a great deal of information valuable to the police, and would have been terribly compromising for Miep, Elli, and for all the friends of the persons in hiding. The police could have disregarded the "Scotch notebook" if, in its original condition, it consisted, as I think, only of some drawings, some photographs or notes of a harmless nature. But it would appear unlikely that they would have left there several notebooks and several hundreds of scattered pages, on which the handwriting was, at least in appearance, that of an adult. On the part of Elli and Miep, it would have been madness to gather together and to keep, especially in the office, such a mass of compromising documents. It would appear that they knew that Anne kept a diary. In a diary one is supposed to tell what happens from day to day. Consequently, Anne risked mentioning Miep and Elli in them.

Regarding the book by Schnabel, Mr. Frank made a surprising revelation to me. He told me that that book, although translated into several languages, had not been translated into Dutch! The reason for the exception was that the principal witnesses living in the Netherlands said that, because of modesty as well as because of a concern for their peace and quiet, they wished that people not talk about them. In reality, Mr. Frank was mistaken or else he was deceiving me. An investigation conducted in Amsterdam at first led me to believe that Schnabel's book had not been translated into Dutch. Even the Contact publishing house replied or had several libraries or several private individuals reply that that book did not exist. I discovered then that, in a showcase at the "Anne Frank House" museum, the book by Schnabel was shown as having been translated into Dutch and published in 1970 (twelve years after its publication in Germany, in France and in the United States!) under the title of: Haar laatste Levensmaanden (Her Last Months). The book unfortunately was not to be found. I got the same responses from the libraries and from the Contact publishing house. As a result of my insistence, Contact finally replied to me that there remained with them only one archive copy. With some difficulty I got permission to consult it, and then to get a photocopy of pages 263 to 304. For, in reality, the work in question contained only an extract from Schnabel's book, reduced to 35 pages, and placed as an appendix to the text of the Diary. The comparative study of Spur eines Kindes and of its "translation" into Dutch is of the greatest interest. Of the book by Schnabel, the Dutch can only read the five last chapters (out of thirteen chapters in all). Moreover, three of those five chapters have undergone cuts of all sorts. Certain of those cuts are marked by ellipses. Others are not marked at all. The chapters thus cut up are Chapters Nine, Ten and Thirteen -- which is to say those that concern, on the one hand, the arrest and its direct results (in the Netherlands) and, on the other hand, the history of the manuscripts. When it is no longer a question of those subjects, when it is a question of the camps (which is the case in Chapters Eleven and Twelve), the original text by Schnabel is respected. Examined closely, those cuts seem to have been introduced to remove the somewhat precise details which appear in the testimonies of Koophuis, Miep, Henk, and Elli. For example, it lacks, without anything to indicate to us the existence of a cut, the essential passage where Elli tells how she told her father about the arrest of the Franks (the 13 lines of page 115 of Spur are completely absent from page 272 of Haar Laatste Levensmaanden). It is odd that the only nation for whom they have thus reserved a censored version of the life of Anne Frank is precisely that one where the adventure of Anne Frank took place. Can you imagine some revelations about Joan of Arc that would be made to all sorts of foreign nations, but would be forbidden in some way to the French people? Such a way of acting is understandable only when the editors fear that, in the country of origin, the "revelations" would have rather quickly appeared suspect. That explanation given by Mr. Frank hardly holds. Because Koophuis, Miep, Henk, and Elli find themselves named anyhow (moreover by some complete or partial pseudonyms), and because Schnabel has them make such and such remarks, one does not see how the cuts introduced into those remarks can soothe the sensitive modesty of their authors or assure them more tranquility in their life in Amsterdam. I would believe rather that the preparation of the Dutch translation gave rise to some very long and arduous bargaining among all the interested parties or, at least, between Mr. Frank and some of them, but, as the years passed, they became more cautious and more sparing with details than in their original "testimonies."

The above-mentioned articles from Der Spiegel brings us, as I have said, some curious revelations. As a matter of principle I distrust journalists. They work too quickly. Here it is obvious that the journalist carried out a thorough investigation. The issue was too burning and too sensitive to be treated lightly. The conclusion of the long article could indeed be the following: While suspecting the Diary of being a forgery, Lothar Stielau perhaps proved nothing, but all the same he "ran into a really tricky problem -- the problem of the genesis of the publishing of the book" (auf ein tatsächlich heikles Problem gestossen -- das Problem der Enstehung der Buchausgabe, page 51). And it is revealed that we are very far from the text of the original manuscripts when we read in Dutch, in German, and in whatever language, the book entitled The Diary of Anne Frank. Supposing for a moment that the manuscripts are authentic, it is necessary to be aware that as a matter of fact what we read under that title, for example in Dutch (that is to say in the supposedly original language), is only the result of a whole series of operations of reorganizing and rewriting, participated in especially by Mr. Frank and some close friends,

among whom were (for the Dutch text) Mr. And Mrs. Cauvern and (for the German text) Anneliese Schütz, whose pupil Anne had been.

Between the original form of the book (the manuscripts) and its printed form (the Dutch edition from Contact in 1947), the text has known at least five forms in succession.

1. between the end of May 1945 and October 1945, Mr. Frank had drawn up a sort of copy (Abschrift) from the manuscripts, in part alone, in part with the help of his secretary Isa Cauvern (the wife of Albert Cauvern, a friend of Mr. Frank; before the war, the Cauverns had welcomed the Frank children to their home for vacations).
2. from October 1945 to January 1946, Mr. Frank and Isa Cauvern worked together on a new version of the copy, a typed version (Neufassung der Abschrift/Maschinengeschriebene Zweitfassung).
3. at an unspecified date (the end of the winter of 1945-1946), that second version (typed) was submitted to Albert Cauvern; insofar as he was a radio man -- an announcer with the "De Vara" radio network in Hilversum -- he knew about rewriting manuscripts. According to his own words, he began by "tolerably changing" that version; he drew up his own text as a "man of experience" (Albert Cauvern stellt heute nicht in Abrede, dass er jene maschinengeschriebene Zweitfassung mit kundiger Hand redigiert hat: "Am Anfang habe ich ziemlich viel geändert," page 52.) A detail that is surprising for a diary: he does not fear to regroup under a single date some letters written on different dates; on a second occasion he limited himself to correcting the punctuation as well as mistakes of phrasing and grammar; all those changes and corrections were carried out on the typed text; Albert Cauvern never saw the original manuscripts.
4. from the changes and corrections, Mr. Frank drew up what one can call the third typed text in the spring of 1946; he submitted the result to "three prominent experts" (drei prominente Gutachter, page 53), while letting them believe that it was a question of the complete reproduction of a manuscript, with the very understandable exception of some personal points of order; then, those three persons having apparently given their guarantee to the text, Mr. Frank went on to offer it to several publishing houses in Amsterdam which refused it; turning then, in all probability, to one of those three persons, Mrs. Anna Romein-Verschoor. He got the latter's husband, Mr. Jan Romein, Professor of History of the Netherlands at the University of Amsterdam, to write in the daily newspaper Het Parool a famous article which began with these words: "There has by chance fallen into my hands a diary (etc.)". Because the article was very laudatory, a modest Amsterdam publishing house (Contact) asked to publish that diary.
5. with the agreement once concluded or in the process of being concluded, Mr. Frank went to find several "spiritual counselors" (mehrere geistliche Ratgeber), one of whom was Pastor Buskes; he granted them full authority to censor the text (raumte ihnen freiwillig Zensoren-Befugnisse ein, pages 53-54). And that censorship was carried out.

But the oddities do not end there. The German text of the Diary forms the subject of interesting remarks on the part of the journalist from Der Spiegel. He writes: "One curiosity of the 'Anne Frank literature' is the translation work of Anneliese Schütz, of which Schnabel said: 'I would wish that all translations were so faithful,' but whose text very often diverges from the Dutch original" (page 54). In fact, as I will show below ("Comparing the Dutch and German texts" on page 100), the journalist is quite lenient in his criticism when he says that the German text diverges very often from what he calls the original (that is to say, without doubt, from the original printed by the Dutch). The printed German text does not have the right to be called a translation from the printed Dutch: it constitutes, properly speaking, another book by itself. But let us pass over this point. We will return to it.

Anneliese Schütz, a great friend of the Franks, like them a Jewish German refugee in the Netherlands, and Anne's teacher, therefore prepared a text, in German, of the diary of her former pupil. She settled down to that work for Anne's grandmother! The latter, very aged, did not in fact read Dutch. She therefore needed a translation into German, the Franks' mother tongue. Anneliese Schütz composed her "translation" "in the perspective of the grandmother" (aus der Grossmutter-Perspektive, page 55). She took some amazing liberties. Where, according to her recollections, Anne had expressed herself better, she made her express herself better! The grandmother had the right to that! die Grossmutter habe ein Recht darauf, mehr zu erfahren -- vor allem dort, "wo Anne nach meiner Erinnerung etwas besseres gesagt hatte" (ibidem). Let it be said in passing that Anneliese Schütz is never mentioned by Anne Frank in the Diary. Are we to understand that she had lived close to Anne or that she had met her during the twenty-five months when she hid at the Prinsengracht? To the "perspective of the grandmother," which dictated certain "obligations," there was added what one can call the "commercial perspective" which dictated other obligations. As a matter of fact, when the time came to publish the Diary in Germany, Anneliese Schütz inserted some new alterations. Let us take an example that she herself mentions. The manuscript, they say, included

the following sentence: " no greater hostility in the world than between the Germans and the Jews" (ibidem). Anneliese Schütz declared to the journalist of Der Spiegel: "I always told myself that a book, destined to be sold in Germany, cannot contain an expression insulting to the Germans" (ibidem). For my part, I would say that that argumentation at one and the same time of the commercial, sentimenta,l and political order is understandable when coming from a woman of Berlin Jewish origin, who had been a militant before the war in a suffragette movement and who had had to leave her own country for political reasons, but otherwise that argumentation is all the less acceptable because the "insulting" remarks have been and continue to be spread in the millions of copies of the Diary sold throughout the world in languages other than German. And I am not speaking here from the simple point of view of respect for the truth.

One does not have the impression that Mr. Frank's "collaborators" in the publishing of the diary were especially pleased with their work, nor that they were especially delighted about the fuss made about that Diary. Let us take those collaborators one by one: about Isa Cauvern, we can say nothing, except that she committed suicide by throwing herself out of her window in June of 1946. Mr. Frank had just signed or was going to sign his contract for publication with Contact. The motive for that suicide is not known to us and it is at present impossible to establish a tie of some kind between that suicide and the affair of the Diary. As regards the person who wrote the preface, Anna Romein-Verschoor, she was to declare to Der Spiegel in 1959: "I was not at all suspicious enough" (Ich bin wohl nicht misstrauisch genug gewesen). Her husband had been no more suspicious. Albert Cauvern had not been able to obtain from Mr. Frank the return of the typed text on which he had worked. He had asked for that text "in memory of my wife" who died in 1946. Mr. Frank had not sent the text in question. Kurt Baschwitz, a friend of Mr. Frank, was one of the "three eminent persons" (the two others being Mr. and Mrs. Romein). In 1959, he was to plead for an "agreement" between Mr. Frank and Lothar Stielau. He recommended, on the other hand, a complete publication of the text of the manuscripts to resolve the problem. To know what the text was in reality, that solution would have been, as a matter of fact, that most suitable. Anneliese Schütz, for her part, was to show her disapproval both of the "Anne Frank Myth" and of the attitude of Mr. Frank with regard to Lothar Stielau. She was in favor of a policy of silence: the least fuss possible about Anne Frank and her diary. She went so far as to disapprove of Mr. Frank and Ernst Schnabel for Spur eines Kindes: what need was there for that book? As regards to Stielau, if he had made the remark for which Mr. Frank criticized him for, latter had only to act as if he did not hear it. That "sharp" (scharff) (ibidem) reaction by Anneliese Schütz was all the more peculiar because this woman presented herself as the "translator" of the diary into German and because Ernst Schnabel had -- but perhaps she did not know it -- pushed kindness so far as to have declared with regard to that improbable "translation": Ich wünschte, alle Übersetzungen waren so getreu (page 54) ("I would wish that all translations were so faithful").

Return to Amsterdam

The internal criticism of the Diary had led me to think that the Diary was a "cock and bull story," a novel, a lie. The subsequent investigations had only served to reinforce that judgment. But, if I indeed saw where the lie was, I did not see as well where the truth was. I saw indeed that the Frank family could not have lived for twenty-five months at 263 Prinsengracht in the way they claimed. But how had they lived in reality? Where? With whom? And finally, was it indeed at 263 Prinsengracht that they had been arrested?

Without any illusions about the answer that he would give me, I posed those questions to Kraler (by his real name, Kugler) in a letter that I sent to him in Canada. I asked him likewise if Anne appeared to him to have been the author of the Diary and how he could explain to me why Vossen (by his real name, Voskuyl) had believed that the Franks were somewhere other than at 263 Prinsengracht, and even in Switzerland, to be precise. His response was discourteous. He sent my letter and his response to Mr. Frank. It is that letter which Mr. Frank called "idiotic" during a telephone conversation. It is, I suppose, that response which, one year later, earned Kraler a prize of $10,000.00 from an institution for having "protected Anne Frank and her family during the war, in Amsterdam" (see the Hamburger Abendblatt, 6 June 1978, page 13). Disregarding its discourtesy, the response from Kraler was not lacking in interest for me. Kraler responded to me that Vossen's suggestion concerning the presence of the Franks in Switzerland "was made to protect the family which was in hiding" (letter of 14 April 1977). He added, in regard to Anne, "there have been other greatly gifted young people, even younger than Anne." I found that the first point of this answer was precise but incomprehensible if one recalls that Vossen had, according to his own daughter, the personal feeling that the Franks were in Switzerland. As to the second point of the answer, its stereotyped character was striking coming from a man whose only difficulty ought to have been in choosing among several precise and convincing answers. Kraler, as a matter of fact, was supposed to have lived for 25 months in almost daily contact with that Anne Frank whose "diary" was an open secret, it seems, for those who knew her.

Listening to Elli on 30 November 1977, then to Miep and Henk on 2 December 1977, I was struck right away with the impression that these three persons had not at all lived for 25 months in contact with the Franks and with the other persons in hiding in the manner in which this is presented to us in the Diary. On the other hand, I became convinced that Miep and Elli had at least been present at 263 Prinsengracht on 4 August 1944, at the time of the police raid. It is difficult for me to account otherwise for the insistence with which Elli and Miep avoided my questions on the 25 months, while coming back over and over again to the day of 4 August 1944. Elli, of whom I had much difficulty in finding any trace, expected neither my visit, nor the type of detailed questions I was going to put to her. Miep and Henk were expecting my visit and knew that I had seen Mr. Frank. My questions were brief, limited in number, and, with certain exceptions, I did not point out to my witnesses either their mutual contradictions or their contradictions with the Diary. Elli, full of good will, seemed to me to have a good memory of the war years and of the minor events of her daily life in those days (she was 23 years old in 1944). But, in regard to those twenty-five months, her answers to my questions were for the most part: "I do not know I do not recall I cannot explain to you " "The coal storage place? It was in the Van Daans' room." "The ashes? I suppose that the men took them down." "The night watchman Slagter? I have never heard him spoken of; after the war, we had a secretary who had that name." "Lewin? I never had anything to do with him." "The 'swinging cupboard'? You are right, it was useless, but it was a camouflage for strangers." I asked Elli to describe to me first the front house, then the annex. For the front house, she was able to give me some details; it is true that she worked there. For the annex, her answer was interesting. She declared to me that she had, all in all, spent only one night there, and that before the arrival of the eight clandestines! She added that she did not remember the premises, because she had been very nervous. But, in the Diary, Elli is supposed to have come to take almost all of her mid-day meals with the people in hiding (see 5 August 1943: Elli arrives regularly at 12:45 pm; 20 August 1943: she arrives regularly at 5:30 pm as a messenger of freedom; 2 March 1944: she does the dishes with the two families' mothers). In conclusion, I asked Elli to recall for me any detail of family life, any anecdote which does not appear in the book. She showed herself to be totally incapable of doing that.

Miep and Henk were likewise incapable of furnishing me with the least detail on the life of the people in hiding. The most important sentence of their testimony was the following: "We did not know exactly how they lived." And in addition: "We were only in the annex for one weekend; we slept in the future room of Anne and Dussel." "How did the persons in hiding keep them selves warm? Perhaps with gas." "The coal storage place was downstairs in the store." "There was no vacuum cleaner." "The greengrocer did not bring anything to Prinsengracht." "'The 'swinging cupboard' had been constructed well before the arrival of the Franks" (!) "I myself, Miep, I brought the vegetables, while Elli brought the milk." "I myself, Henk, worked elsewhere than in the business, but every day I came to have lunch in the office of the girls and I came to speak to them for 15 or 20 minutes." (This point, among others, is in total contradiction with the Diary, where it is said that Henk, Miep and Elli took their lunch in the annex, with the people in hiding. See 5 August 1943.) During our entire interview, Miep gave me the impression of being almost in agony. Her gaze avoided me. When I finally let her speak to me about 4 August 1944, her attitude suddenly changed completely. It was with obvious pleasure that she began to call to mind, with a great abundance of details, the arrival of the police and its results. I noted, however, a striking disproportion in the details of the account. Those details were numerous, vivid, and obviously truthful when Miep was calling to mind what had personally happened to her with the Austrian arresting officer, Silberbauer, either that day or on the following days. But, when it was a question of the Franks and of their companions in misfortune, the details became scanty and unclear. Thus it was that Miep had seen nothing of the arrest of the persons in hiding. She had not seen them leave. She had not seen them climb into the police vehicle, because that vehicle, which she had seen through the window of her office, "was too near the wall of the house." From a distance from the other side of the canal, Henk had seen the police vehicle, but without being able to recognize the people who were entering or leaving. In regard to the manuscripts, Miep repeated to me the account that she had given to Schnabel. She told me also that Mr. Frank, after returning to the Netherlands at the end of May of 1945, lived for seven years under their roof. It was only toward the end of June or the beginning of July of 1945 that she had returned the manuscripts to him.

In the wake of those two interviews my judgment became the following: These three persons must have, on the whole, told me the truth about their own lives. It is probably true that they had not been familiar with, so to speak, the annex. It is certainly true that, in the front house, life unfolded approximately as they had recounted it to me (mid-day meal taken together in the office of the secretaries; the men of the store eating in the store; small food errands made in the neighborhood, etc.). It is certainly true that a police raid took place on 4 August 1944 and that Miep had had business on that day and on the following days with a Karl Silberbauer. It is probable, on the other hand, that those three persons maintained some relations with the Frank family. In that case, why did they so obviously feel reticent to speak about it? Let us suppose, as a matter of fact, that the Franks and some other persons in hiding had really lived for 25 months in proximity to those

three persons. In that case, why such a silence?

The answer to these questions could be the following: the Franks and, perhaps, some other Jews did actually live in the annex of 263 Prinsengracht. But they lived there quite differently than the Diary relates. For example, they lived a life there that was no doubt cautious, but not like in a prison. They were able to live there as did so many other Jews who hid themselves either in the city, or in the countryside. They "hid themselves without hiding." Their adventure was sadly commonplace. It did not have that fantastic, absurd, and obviously deceitful character that Mr. Frank had wanted to pass off as being realistic, authentic, and true to life. After the war, just as the friends of Mr. Frank were prepared to testify on his behalf, so were they hesitant to guarantee the narrative of the Diary. Just as much as they were able to offer themselves as guarantors of the real sufferings of Mr. Frank and of his family, so did it seem difficult for them to bear witness, in addition, to imaginary sufferings. Kraler, Koophuis, Miep, Elli, and Henk showed their friendship to Mr. Frank; they publicly showed their sympathy for him as for a man full of charm and, at the same time, overwhelmed with misfortunes. Perhaps they felt flattered to be presented in the press as his companions in his days of misfortune. Perhaps certain among them accepted the idea that, when a man has suffered, he has the moral right to exaggerate somewhat the story of his sufferings. In the eyes of certain of them, the main point could have been that Mr. Frank and his family had had to suffer cruelly at the hands of the Germans; in that case the "details" of those sufferings mattered little. But kindness has its limits. Mr. Frank found only one person to guarantee his account of the existence of the Diary. That person was his former secretary and friend: Miep Van Santen (by her real name, Miep Gies). Still the testimony of Miep is strangely hesitant. Her testimony comes back to saying that after the arrest of the Franks, she had gathered up from the floor of a room of the annex a diary, an account book, some notebooks and a certain number of loose leaf sheets. For her it was a matter of objects belonging to Anne Frank. Miep only gave that testimony in an official form thirty years after the events, on 5 June 1974, in the office of Mr. Antoun Jacob Dragt, a notary in Amsterdam. Miep added that she had made the discovery with Elli. But, on the same day, in the presence of the same notary, the latter declared that she remembered having been there when those things had been discovered but she did no more remember exactly how they had been discovered. The restraint is important and it must not have pleased Mr. Frank.

Schnabel wrote (see above, page 91) that all the "witnesses" he had questioned -- including, consequently, Miep, Elli, Henk, and Koophuis - had behaved as if they had to protect themselves against the legend of Anne Frank. He added that if they all had read the Diary, they nevertheless did not mention it. That last sentence means obviously that, in each interview with a witness, it was Schnabel himself who had to take the initiative in speaking of the Diary. We know that his book had not been published in the Netherlands, except in a shortened and censored form: it is in the Netherlands that the principal "witnesses" are located. For its part, the article from Der Spiegel (see above, page 95) proves that others of Mr. Frank's "Witnesses" have ended up having the same negative reactions. The foundations of the myth of Anne Frank -- a myth that rests on the truth and authenticity of the Diary -- have not been strengthened with time: they have crumbled.

Who betrayed the Franks?

The "betrayer" and the person who arrested the Franks: why has Mr. Frank wanted to assure them anonymity?

Since 1944, Mr. Frank and his friends knew that their alleged "betrayer" was named Van Maaren and the person who arrested them was named Silberbauer. Van Maaren was one of the employees in their store. Silberbauer was a non-commissioned officer of the Security Service (SD) in Amsterdam. In the Diary, as well as in the previously mentioned book by Schnabel, Van Maaren is called V.M. As regards Silberbauer, he is called Silberthaler in Schnabel's book. It seems that, at the time of the Liberation, Van Maaren had some trouble with the law in his country. His guilt could not be proved, Mr. Frank told me. "V.M. had had enough troubles like that and he should be left alone." Schnabel had not wanted to obtain the testimony of V.M. nor had he wanted to obtain that of the arresting officer.

In 1963, the world press suddenly echoed with a startling news story: Simon Wiesenthal had just rediscovered the person who arrested the Franks. He was Karl Silberbauer, a police official in Vienna. Wiesenthal had not informed Mr. Frank about his research. The latter, questioned by journalists, declared that he had known for nearly twenty years the name of the person who arrested him. He added that that entire affair was unfortunate and that Silberbauer had only done his duty in arresting him. Miep, for her part, declared that, if she had used the pseudonym of Silberthaler to designate the arresting officer, that was only at the request of Mr. Frank; the latter had pointed out that there could, as a matter of fact, be some other persons bearing the name of Silberbauer to whom, consequently, some harm could be done: (De Heer Frank) had mij verzocht de naam Silberthaler te noemen, omdat er misschien nog meer mensen Silberbauer heetten en die zouden wij dan in diskrediet

brengen (Volkskrant, 21 November 1963).

There was a kind of struggle between Simon Wiesenthal and Mr. Frank. It was the latter who in a way got the best of it. As a matter of fact, Karl Silberbauer was, at the end of eleven months, reinstated in the Viennese police. A disciplinary commission, sitting behind closed doors (as is the custom), released him. The judgment in the appeal commission (Oberdisziplinarkommission) was likewise favorable to Silberbauer, as were also conclusions of a commission of inquiry of the Ministry of the Interior. Silberbauer had indeed arrested the Franks at 263 Prinsengracht, but his participation in "War crimes against the Jews or members of the Resistance" could not be proved. In June of 1978, I obtained an interview with Simon Wiesenthal in his office in Vienna. In regard to that affair, he declared to me that Mr. Frank was "crazy." In his opinion, Mr. Frank, in his concern to maintain a cult (that of his daughter), meant to spare the former Nazis, while he, Simon Wiesenthal, had only one concern: that of seeing justice done. Simon Wiesenthal did not know the real name of the store employee V.M. There again Mr. Frank had done what was necessary: the Royal Institute of Documentation (for the Second World War), directed by his friend Louis De Jong, responded, if we are to believe an Amsterdam newspaper (Trouw, 22 November 1963), that that name would not be given to Mr. Wiesenthal, even if he asked for it: deze naam zou men zelfs aan Mr. Wiesenthal niet doorgeven, wanneer deze daarom zou verzoeken.

The authorities in Vienna were not able to authorize me to consult the records of the commissions of inquiry. As to Karl Silberbauer, he died in 1972. My inquiry was therefore limited to the analysis of some Dutch, German, and French newspapers from 1963 and 1964 and to the interviewing of a witness whom I believe to be well informed, honest, and possessed of a good memory. That witness begged us, my companion and myself, not to reveal his name. I have promised to say nothing about his name. I will keep my promise only half-way. The importance of his testimony is such that it seemed impossible to me to pass over it in silence. The name of that witness and his address as well as the name of my companion and his address are put down in a sealed envelope.

Here is, to begin with, what I would call: "The testimony of Karl Silberbauer, collected by a Dutch journalist of the Hague Post and translated into German by a Jewish German journalist of the Allgemeine Wochenzeitung der Juden in Deutschland (6 December 1963, page 10)." Silberbauer recounts that at the time (4 August 1944) he had received a telephone call from an unknown person who had revealed to him that some Jews remained hidden in an office on Prinsengracht: "I then alerted eight Dutchmen of the Security Service (SD) and went with them to Prinsengracht. I saw that one of my Dutch companions tried to speak to an employee but the latter made a gesture with his thumb toward the upstairs." Silberbauer described how he entered the place where the Jews kept themselves hidden: "The people ran in all directions and packed their suitcases. One man then came toward me and presented himself as being Otto Frank. He had been, he said, a reserve officer in the German Army. To my question about the length of time that they had been in hiding, Frank had answered: 'Twenty-five months.' Seeing that I did not want to believe him, Silberbauer continued, he took the hand of a young girl who stood at his side. That must have been Anne. He placed the child against the side post of a door, which bore some marks in various places. I spoke again to Frank: 'What a pretty girl you have there!'" Silberbauer said then that he had only very much later made the connection between that arrest and what the newspapers said about the Frank family. After the war, his reading of the Diary surprised him very much. He especially did not understand how Anne could have known that the Jews were gassed: "We were all unaware," Silberbauer explained, "of what awaited the Jews. I especially do not understand how Anne in her diary could assert that the Jews were gassed." In the opinion of Silberbauer, nothing would have happened to the Franks if they had not kept themselves hidden.

That exclusive interview with Silberbauer constitutes a very faithful summary, I think, of the remarks attributed by the journalists to the person who arrested the Frank family. The testimony that I announced above (page 99) confirms in general the content of the interview, with the exception that the episode of the raised thumb would be a sheer fabrication. Silberbauer supposedly noted nothing of the kind, for the good reason that he is supposed to have made his way immediately toward the annex. He did nothing but take the corridor and the stairway, without any detour toward the offices or the stores. And it is there that the testimony in question furnishes us with an important element. One will have noticed that, in his interview, the policeman does not state precisely how he had access to the place where those in hiding kept themselves. He does not mention the existence of a "swinging cupboard" (ein drehbares Regal). But my witness is quite positive: Silberbauer had never encountered anything of the kind, but a heavy wooden door like one finds at the entrance, for example, of a storehouse. The exact word was ein Holzverschlag. The policeman had simply knocked at the door and it had been opened to him. A third point of this testimony is, if possible, still more important. Karl Silberbauer said and repeated that he did not believe in the authenticity of the famous Diary, because, according to him, there had never been on the site

anything that would resemble the manuscripts that Miep claimed to have found scattered about the floor one week after 4 August 1944. The policeman had the professional habit of carrying out arrests and searches since before the war. Such a pile of documents would not have escaped his notice. (Let us add here that eight men accompanied him and that the entire operation had been conducted slowly and correctly and then the policeman, after having entrusted the key to the premises to V.M. or to another employee, had returned to the premises on three occasions.) Silberbauer, the witness asserts, had the habit of saying that Miep had not, in reality, played a great role in that whole story (whence comes the fact that they had not even arrested her). Afterwards, Miep had tried to give herself some importance, notably with that episode of the miraculous discovery of the manuscripts.

The same witness declared to me, in the presence of my companion, that Silberbauer in 1963-1964 had drawn up an account, for the courts, of the arrest of the Franks and that those details might appear, in that account. A second witness certainly could have given me very valuable testimony on the statements of Silberbauer, but that second witness preferred to say nothing.

Comparing the Dutch and German texts

I have two texts in front of me. The first is in Dutch (D), while the second is in German (G). The publishers tell me that D is the original text, while G is the translation of that original text. I do not have a priori any reason to challenge their word. But scientific rigor, as well as common sense and experience, teach that it is necessary to receive the statements of publishers with caution. It happens, as a matter of fact, that there can be error or deceit on their part. A book is a piece of merchandise like any other. The label can be deceiving about the content. As a consequence, I will set aside here the labels that are proposed to me or that are imposed upon me. I will speak neither about the "original version in Dutch," nor about the "translation into German." I will temporarily suspend all judgment. I will grant a precise name to those two books only with reservations. For the moment, I will give them a name which is, at the same time, equal and neutral. I will therefore speak of "texts."

I am going to describe the text D and the text G that I have before me. I am going to begin with text D, but I could, just as well, begin with text G. I insist on this last point. The order of succession that I have chosen here ought not to imply any succession in time, nor any relationship of filiation of the father/son kind between D and G.

My text D is presented in this manner: Anne Frank / Het Achterhuis / Dagboekbrieven / 14 Juni 1942-1 Augustus 1944/1977. Amsterdam: Uitgeverij Contact; Eerste druk 1947 / Vijfenvijftigste druk 1977. The author's text begins on page 22 with the photographic reproduction of a sort of dedication signed: "Anne Frank, 12 Juni 1942." On page 23 appears the first of the 169 entries which make up this "diary" to which they have given the title The Annex. The book has 273 pages. The last page of the text is page 269. I estimate the length of the text itself at about 72,500 Dutch words. I have not compared the text of that 55th edition with the text of the first edition. At the time of my investigation in Amsterdam, I received assurances from Messrs. Fred Batten and Christian Blom that no change had been made in the successive editions. Those two persons were employed by the Contact publishing house and they were involved, along with Mr. P. De Neve (deceased), in the original acceptance of the typed manuscript that Mr. Frank had deposited with an interpreter by the name of Mr. Kahn. It is this Mr. Kahn who was, in 1957, to serve as the companion and interpreter for Ernst Schnabel, when the latter came to see Elli in Amsterdam.

My text G is presented in this manner: Das Tagebuch der Anne Frank / 12 Juni 1942-1 August 1944/1977. Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag / No. 77 / Ungekürzte Ausgabe/43. Auflage 1293000-1332000 / Aus dem Holländischen ubertragen von Anneliese Schütz / Holländische Original-Ausgabe, Het Achterhuis. Amsterdam: Contact. After the dedication page, the first of the entries appears on page 9. There are 175 entries. The last entry ends on page 201. I estimate the length of the text at about 77,000 German words. The book has 203 pages. This paperback was first published in March 1955. Fischer obtained the Lizenzausgabe (distribution license) from the Lambert-Schneider publishing house, in Heidelberg.

I call attention to a first troubling fact. Text D has 169 entries while text G, which is presented as the translation of text D, has 175 entries.

I call attention to a second troubling fact. I set out in search of the extra entries of text G. It is not six entries that I discover

(175 minus 169 equals 6), but seven entries. The explanation is the following: text G does not have the entry of 6 December 1943 from text D.

I point out a third troubling fact. Because the Dutch language and the German language are very close to each other, the translated text ought not to be appreciably longer than the text that is being translated. But, even if I disregard the number of words that make up the seven entries in question, I am very far from reaching a difference of approximately 4,500 (G 77,000 minus D 72,500 equals 4,500). Therefore, text G even when it has some entries in common with text D, has them under another form. Here are the figures:

[table omitted]

Referring to Table 1, we see that if text G had the same number of entries as text D, the discrepancy in the word count would be approximately 4,500 minus 2,930, or 1,570 words.2 In reality, as will be seen later on, this number represents only a small part of the surplus of words that text G has. But, meanwhile, in order not to seem too attached to the calculations, I am going to give some precise examples involving approximately 550 words.

Among the entries that texts D and G apparently have in common, here are some entries (among many others) where text G has some extra fragments, that is to say some fragments with which the Dutch reader was never acquainted:

[table omitted]

Among the entries that texts D and G apparently have in common, here are some entries (among many others) where text G is missing some fragments, that is to say some fragments with which the German reader was never acquainted:

[table omitted]

One remarkable fact is that the fragments that are missing are very numerous and very short. For example, the letter of 20 August 1943 is cut by 19 words in text G, and those 19 words are distributed in the following manner:

3 + 1 + 4 + 4 + 7 = 19

I call attention to a fourth troubling fact. That fact is independent of the quantities that are extra or lacking. This fact is that some fragments of entries move somehow. For example, the entire next-to-the-last paragraph of text D of Donderdag, 27 April 1944 is found in the last paragraph of text G of Dienstag, 25 April 1944. On the 7th of January 1944, the last paragraph of text D becomes, in text G, the sixth paragraph before the end. On 27 April 1944, the next-to-the-last paragraph of text D becomes, in text G, the last paragraph of the entry of 25 April 1944.

I call attention to a fifth troubling fact. It is not a question, this time, of additions, of subtractions, of transferrals, but of alterations that are the sign of inconsistencies. I mean to say this: suppose that I leave aside all the features by which texts D and G differ so obviously from one another, and suppose that I turn now toward what I would call "the remainder" (a "remainder" which, according to the publishers, ought to make up "the common stock," "the identical part"), I am surprised to find out that, from one end to the other of these two books, except with the rarest exceptions, this "remainder" is very far from being identical. As is going to be seen by the examples that follow, these inconsistencies cannot be attributed to a clumsy or whimsical translation. The same entry of 10 March 1943 gives, for text D, Bij kaarslicht (by candlelight) and, for text G, Bei Tage (By daylight); een nacht (one night) for Eines Tages (one day); Verdwenen de dieven (the robbers disappeared) for schwieg der Larm (the noise became quiet). On 13 January 1943, Anne said that she rejoiced at the prospect of buying after the war nieuwe kleren en schoenen (some new clothes and shoes); that is in text D, because in text G she speaks of neue Kleider und Bücher (of new clothes and books). On 18 May 1943, Mrs. Van Daan is als door Mouschi gebeten (as if bitten by Mouschi [the cat]); that is in text D, because in text G she is wie von einer Tarantel gestochen (as if stung by a tarantula). Depending on whether one consults D or G, a man is a "fascist" or a Riese (giant) (20 October 1942). Some "red beans and some white beans" (bruine en witte bonen) become "white beans" (weisse Bohnen) (12 March 1943). Some sandals for 6.5 florins become some sandals without indication of price (ibidem), while "five hostages" (een stuk of 5

gijzelaars) has become "a certain number of these hostages" (eine Anzahl dieser Geiseln), and that in the same entry of 9 October 1942 where "the Germans" (Duitsers) are no more than "these Germans" (diese Deutschen) who are very specifically the Nazis (see above, page 95). On 17 November 1942, Dussel meets the Franks and the Van Daans in their hiding-place. Text D says that "Miep helped him to take off his overcoat" (Miep liet hem zijn jas uitdoen); learning that the Franks are there, "he nearly fainted from surprise" and, says Anne, he remained "silent" "as if he wanted first a little time, a moment, to read the truth on our faces" (viel hij haast fiauw van verbazing sprakeloos alsof hij eerst even goed de waarheid van onze gezichten wilde lezen); but text G says of Dussel that he "had to take off his overcoat" and describes his astonishment in this way: "he could not understand he was not able to believe his eyes" (Er musste den Mantel ausziehen kannte er es nicht fassen und wollte seinen Augen nicht trauen). A person who suffered from an eye problem and who "bathed it with camomile tea" (bette het met kamillen-the) becomes a person who "made himself some compresses" (machte Umschläge) (10 December 1942). Where "Papa" alone is waiting (Pim verwacht) it is "we" all who are waiting (Wir erwarten) (27 February 1943). Where the two cats receive their names of Moffi and Tommi, according to whether they appear boche (German) or angliche (English), "just as in politics" (Net als in de politek), text G says that they were named "according to their spiritual dispositions" (Ihren Anlagen gemäss) (12 March 1943). On 26 March 1943, some people who "were quite awake" (waren veel wakken) "were in an endless fear" (schreckten immer wieder auf), "a piece of flannel" (een lap flanel) becomes a "mattress cover" (Matratzenschoner) (1 May 1943). "To go on strike" (staken) "in many areas" (in viele gebieden) becomes: "sabotage is committed on all sides" (an allen Ecken und Enden sabotiert wird) (ibidem). A "folding bed" (harmonicabed) is encountered as a "loungechair" (Liegestuhl) (21 August 1942). The following sentence: "The gunfire no longer did anything to us, our fear had gone away" (Het kanonvuur deerde ons niet meer, onze angst was weggevaad) becomes: "and the situation, for today, was saved" (und die Situation war für heute gerettet) (18 May 1943).

I had noted these few examples in inconsistencies in the course of a simple sample that did not go beyond the 54th entry of text D (18 May 1943). I decided then to initiate a much more rigorous sample, bearing on the eleven entries going from 19 July to 29 September 1943 (entries 60 to 73). To the inconsistencies, I decided to add the additions and the subtractions. The result was such that the simple enumeration of the differences noted would require several typewritten pages. I am not able to do that here. I will content myself with only a few examples here, avoiding the most striking ones because, unfortunately, the most striking are also the longest ones to cite.

- Entry of 19 July 1943 "parents killed" (dode ouders) becomes "parents" (Eltern);
- Entry of 23 July 1943: G has, in addition, at least 49 words plus 3 words;
- Entry of 26 July 1943: G has, in addition, four plus four words and is lacking two words: over Italie;
- Entry of 29 July 1943: G has twenty words missing and "twenty years" (twintig jaar) becomes "twenty-five years" (25 Jahren);
- Entry of 3 August 1943: this letter of 210 words in text G is completely missing in text D;
- Entry of 4 August 1943: D gives "couch" and G "loungechair." In D a flea "floats" (drijft) in the wash water, "only in warm months or weeks" (allen in de hete maanden of weeken), while for G that flea must "lose his life" (sein Leben lassen) there, without any other detail concerning weather. D gives: "to use some cotton [soaked] in hydrogen peroxide (that serves to bleach her black moustache fuzz)" (waterstofwatjes hanteren [dient om zwarte snorharen te bleken]), while G gives simply: "and other little toiletry secrets ") (und andere kleine Toilettengehemniss). The comparison of "like a brook falling from a mountain" (als een beekje van een berg) becomes "like a brook on the boulders" (wie ein Bächlein über die Kiesel). Some "irregular French verbs": this is what Anne thinks of in text D (aan Franse onregalmatige wekworden), but, in text G, this can only be about irregular Dutch verbs, it seems, because she says that she "dreams" (träume ich) of "irregular verbs" (von unregelmässigen Verben). Text G contents itself with: "Rrrrrrring, upstairs [sounds the Van Daans'] alarm" (Krrrrrrrr, oben der Wecker) , while D gives: "Rrrring the little alarm [sounds], which at each hour of the day (when it is wanted or sometimes also without being wanted can raise its little voice." (Trrr het wekkertje, dat op elk uur van de dag [als men er naar vraagt of soms ook sonder dat] zijn stemmetje kan verheffen);
- Entry of 5 August 1943: all of it is a description of the usual meal, from 1:15 pm to 1:45 pm, and of the things that follow, and there are important differences; besides, what is announced, by D, as "The great share-out" is announced by G as "small lunch" (De grote uitdeling/Kleiner Lunch). I underline the adjectives; the possible, but not certain, irony of D has disappeared in G. Of the three "couches" in D, there only remains one "couch" in G;
- Entry of 7 August 1943: this letter constitutes quite an interesting puzzle. A very long letter, it begins, in text G, with nine lines introducing a story of 74 lines entitled Kaatje as well as another story of 99 lines entitled Katrientje. This entry is completely absent from D. The Dutch, for their part, know of these stories only by way of a separate book entitled Stories, in which there appear, besides, some other "unedited stories" of Anne Frank;

- Entry of 9 August 1943: among many other curious things there are "some horn-rimmed glasses" (een hoornen bril) which become "some dark horn-rimmed glasses" (eine dunkle Hornbrille) in text G;
- Entry of 10 August 1943: the "war material" of D becomes the "guns" (Kanonen) of G. The sentence concerning the bell in the Westertoren is entirely different. And, especially, G has an episode of 140 words that does not appear in D. Anne, who has received some new shoes, tells there about a series of misadventures that had happened to her on that same day: she had pricked her right thumb with a large needle; she had bumped her head against the door of the cupboard; because of the noise caused, she received a "scolding" (Ruffel); she was not able to soothe her forehead because it was necessary not to turn on the water; she had a large bruise over her right eye; she had stubbed her toe on the vacuum cleaner; her foot became infected, it is all swollen. Result: Anne cannot put on her pretty new shoes. (You will have noticed here the presence of a vacuum cleaner in a place where silence would have had to be necessary constantly);
- Entry of 18 August 1943: among nine differences, we see some "beans" (bonen) turn into "green peas" (Erbsen);
- Entry of 20 August 1943: I will mention only one example of a difference; it concerns the bread; the narrative is appreciably different, and for text D, this bread is located in two successive places: at first the steel cupboard of the office looking out on the street (in the front house), then, the kitchen cupboard of the annex (stalen kast, Voorkantoor/Keukenkast), while G only mentions the first location, without being precise about the second; the unfortunate thing is that the first location mentioned by D is a simple cupboard located in the office looking out on the courtyard: the office of Kraler, and not that of Koophuis ("the bread, which is put in Kraler's room for us every day")! (About the respective offices of Kraler and of Koophuis, see the entry of 9 July 1942.) There is here a serious material contradiction between the two texts, with changes of words, of sentences, etc.;
- Entry of 23 August 1943: among other curious things, "to read or to study" (lesen of leren) becomes "to read or to write" (lesen oder schreiben), "Dickens and the dictionary" (Dickens en het woordenbook) becomes only "Dickens", some "bolsters" (peluwen) turn into "eiderdown pillows" (Plumeaus) (in Dutch, "eider-down pillows" would be said as eiderdons or dekbed);
- Entry of 10 September 1943: among five differences, I notice that the broadcast, so eagerly awaited each day, from Radio Oranje (the Voice of Holland from overseas) begins at 8:15 pm for D and at 8:00 pm for G;
- Entry of 16 September 1943: "ten valerianes" (tien valeriaantjes) become "ten of the small white pills" (zehn von den kleinen weissen Pillen). "A long face and a drooping mouth" (een uitgestreken gezicht en neerhangende mond) became "a tight-lipped mouth with worry lines" (einen zusammengekniffennen Mund und Sorgenfalten). The winter compared to a fearful obstacle, a "biting winter" which is there like a "heavy block of stone" (het grote rotsblok, dat winter heet), is no more than a simple winter (dem Winter). An "overcoat" (jas) becomes "hat and cane" (Hut und Stock). A sentence of 24 words, claiming to describe a picturesque scene, finds itself reduced to five German words. On the other hand, six Dutch words become 13 German words with a very different meaning;
- Entry of 29 September 1943: "a grumbling father" (een mopperenden vader) becomes "the father who is not in agreement with her choice" (den Vater, der nicht mit ihrer Wahl einverstanden ist). "Energetically" (energiek) becomes ganz kalt und ruhig (in a quite cold and quiet manner), etc.

I think that it is useless to pursue such an enumeration. It is not exaggerated to say that the first entry of the collection gives us the tone of the whole. In that short letter, the Dutch learn that, for her birthday, Anne received "a little plant" (een plantje). The Germans have the privilege of learning that that plant was "a cactus" (eine Kaktee). In return, the Dutch knew that Anne received "two peony branches," while the Germans must content themselves with knowing that there were "some peony branches" (einige Zweige Pfingstrosen). The Dutch have the right to the following sentence: "such were, that morning, the children of Flora who sat on my table" (dat waren die ochtend de kinderen van Flora, die op mijn tafel stonden). In the German text, the table has disappeared, as well as "the childen of Flora" (a curious, hackneyed phrase from the pen of a child of thirteen; one would have expected it rather from an adult seeking laboriously and artlessly to "decorate" his style). The Germans simply have the right to: "These were the first flowers offered by way of greetings" (Das waren die ersten Blumengrüsse). The Dutch learn that Anne, on that day, will offer to her teachers and to her classmates "some butter cakes" (boterkoekjes). The Germans have the right to some "candy" (Bonbons). The "chocolate," present for the Dutch, will disappear for the Germans. More surprising: a book that Anne will be able to buy for herself with the money that has just been given to her on that Sunday 14 June 1942, becomes, in the German text, a book that she has already bought for herself (zodat ik me kan kopen/habe ich mir gekauft).

On the other hand, the last entry of the collection is identical in the two texts. That confirms for us, if there were need for it, that the German translator -- if one must speak about "translation" -- was quite capable of respecting the Dutch text. But it is too evident now that one cannot speak of translation, nor even of "adaptation." Is it to translate, is it to "adapt" to put day for

night (10 March 1943)? Books for shoes (13 January 1943)? Candy for butter cakes (14 June 1942}? Giant for fascist (20 October 1942)? Is "candles" translated by "day" and "cats" by "tarantula"? "To float" by "to die"? "Large" by "small" (4 August 1943)? Only magicians can change an overcoat into a hat and a cane. With Mrs. Anneliese Schütz and Mr. Frank, the table disappears (14 June 1942) and the stairway steals away (the Dutch entry of 16 September 1943 mentions a very peculiar stairway, which would have led directly to the persons in hiding: die direct naar boven leidt). The bread storage place changes its location. What is behind is encountered again in front (Kraler's office). Numbers appear and disappear. Hours change. Faces change. Events multiply or disappear. Beings as well as things are subject to eclipses and to sudden changes. Anne, one could say, emerges from her tomb in order to come to lengthen one of her narratives or to shorten it; sometimes she writes another or even reduces it to nothingness.

Ten years after her death, Anne's text continues to change. In 1955, the Fischer publishing house publishes her Diary. as a pocket-book under a "discreetly" reworked form. The reader could especially compare the following entries:

- 9 July 1942: Hineingekommen gemalt war (25 words) replaced by: Neben gemalt war (41 words). The appearance of a door!
- 11 July 1942: bange replaced by besorgt;
- 21 September 1942: gerügt replaced by gescholten and drei Westen changing itself into drei Wolljacken;
- 27 September 1942: mit Margot bin ich nicht mehr so intim becomes: mit Margot verstehe mich nicht sehr gut;
- 28 September 1942: bestürzt replaced by erschüttert;
- 7 November 1942: ohne den Hergang zu kennen becomes: ohne zu wissen, worum es ging and Er ist mein Ideal becomes: Er ist mein leuchtendes Vorbild. That last change of the text is not lacking in flavor, if one knows that it is a question here of Anne's father. Mr. Frank is no longer an "ideal" for his daughter, but "a shining model"! Another change: 'und das Ärgste ist becomes: und am schlimmsten ist;
- 7 August 1943: I pointed out above (see page 104) this very long letter that contains two stories. I suppose that these stories existed in the manuscript which had been reserved for them and that they had been wrongly inserted into the Diary. In that case, one asks oneself who wrote the nine lines of introduction, where Anne asks her correspondent especially if she believes that her stories are going to please children.

These last changes were made from one German text to another German text. They could therefore not have the excuse of a clumsy or whimsical translation. They prove that the Diary's author -- the term that I ordinarily use for the person responsible for the text that I am reading -- was still alive in 1955. In the same way, in discovering the German text of 1950 (Lambert-Schneider edition), I discovered that the author of the Diary (an especially prolific author) was still alive in 1950. That author could not have been Anne Frank, who, as we know, died in 1945.

In any comparisons of the texts, I have followed the official chronological order. I have shown how the text printed in Dutch (1947) clashed with the first printed German text (1950), which, in its turn, underwent some strange metamorphosis in the second printed German text (1955). But, scientifically speaking, nothing proves that the chronological order of publication reflects the chronological order of composition. For example, there could have been some manuscript in German which preceded the putting together of the Dutch manuscripts. It could be that the model or the "first edition" outline had been written in German. It could be that afterwards that model or that outline, after having given birth to a text translated into Dutch, had also given birth to an entirely rewritten German text. It could be that, for several years, some very different texts had thus lived in symbiosis. That phenomenon is called the phenomenon of contamination. It is nevertheless clear that Mr. Frank cannot make that argument about the contamination of the texts, because there exists, according to him, one single text: that of the Dutch manuscripts. For certain periods of the twenty-five months at the Prinsengracht, it is possible that the different manuscripts of the Diary offer us some variant readings; still, those variant readings could not provide us with the innumerable absurdities and inconsistencies that we have seen. For other periods, such as that of an entire year (from 6 December 1942 to 21 December 1943), when, according to Mr. Frank's own admission, we have at our disposal only one version, there ought not to exist the slightest variant reading, not the slightest disagreement between text D and text G. It is for that reason that I chose from that period the largest number of my examples of inconsistencies.

I have noticed, in my samplings, neither more nor fewer inconsistencies for that period than for the other periods. In a uniform way, text D presents us an Anne Frank who has, if not the traits, at least fits the stereotype of the young adolescent, while text G offers us the stereotype of the adolescent already near, in certain respects, to being a mature woman. There are, in text G, some passages that are incompatible with the corresponding passages of text D, and even formally incompatible

with the entire substance of all of text D. There we reach the height of the intolerable in the manipulation of texts. Here is, for example, the letter of 5 January 1944. Anne confesses that before her time in hiding, that is to say, before the age of thirteen, she had happened, while spending the night at the home of a girlfriend, to feel the need to kiss her: " I had a strong desire to kiss her, and I did do so " (een sterke behoefte had haar te zoenen en dat ik dat ook gedaan her). In text G there appears a girl of thirteen who is appreciably more knowing. Here, Anne asked her comrade for a night if, as a token of their friendship, they could feel each others breasts. But the comrade refused. And Anne, who appears to have practice in the matter, adds: "I still found it pleasant to kiss her and I did it" (fragte ich sie, ob wir als Beweis unserer Freundschaft uns gegenseitig die Brüste befühlen wollten, aber sie weigerte sich. Ich fand es immer sch...n, sie zu küssen, und habe es auch getan). On the sexual feelings of Anne, I recommend likewise the comparative reading of texts D and G for 7 January 1944.

It is astonishing that the Dutch reader had been deprived of so many revelations reserved by Mr. Frank and Anneliese Schütz for Anne's grandmother, who was so "aged" (see above, page 95). What of the revelations again in text G on musical tastes or on musical knowledge that the Dutch did not have the right to know (for what reason, after all?)! Text G of the letter of 9 June 1944 reserves for us the sole rights to a dissertation of 200 words on the life of Liszt (treated, by a very feminist Anne, as a "petticoat chaser"/Schürzenjäger), of Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Rossini, Mendelssohn. Many other names are mentioned: Hector Berlioz, Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac The entry of 20 February 1944 (220 words) is absent from text D. It contains however some elements of very great importance from many points of view. Dussel has the habit of whistling das Violin-Konzert von Beethoven; the use of time on Sundays is revealed to us; it must be recognized that one point, at least, about that use of time is more than troubling: Mr. Frank in overalls, on his knees, brushing the carpet with such enthusiasm that the entire room is filled with clouds of dust (Vater liegt im Overall auf den Knien und bürstet den Teppich mit solchem Elan, dass das ganze Zimmer in Staubwolken gehüllt ist). In addition to the noise that such an operation would cause in a place where even at night, when the neighbors are not there, it is necessary not to cough, it is obvious that the scene is described by someone who could not have seen it: a carpet is never brushed in that way on the floor of a room, in the very place where it became dusty. In the entry of 3 November 1943, a fragment of 120 words, which is missing in text D, reveals to us another case of the carpet being brushed each evening by Anne in the Ofenluft (the air from the stove), and that because the vacuum cleaner (der Staubsauger) ist kaputt (that famous vacuum cleaner which, according to Mr. Frank, could not have existed; see above, page 88). Concerning Anne's knowledge or ideas on the subject of historical or political events, one will make some discoveries in the entries of 6 June, 13 June and 27 June 1944. On Peter's character one will find some revelations in the entry of 11 May 1944. That entry of 400 words does not exist in text D. But nevertheless, in text D, we find a letter at that date of 11 May; however, the corresponding text is dated, in text G, on 12 May! Peter defies his mother while calling her "the old lady" (Komm mit, Alte!). Nothing like the Peter of text D!

It would be interesting to subject each of the principal characters of text D and of text G to analysis by psychologists or psychiatrists. Anne, in particular, would appear under some profoundly contradictory character traits. But this is purely hypothetical. I think that in fact those analysts would see that Anne has no more real consistency than a total invention of unrelated facets. The few so-called descriptions of Anne that I have been able to find have especially convinced me that their authors have read the Diary very superficially. It is true that the dullness of their descriptions could be explained by the dullness of the subject described. One stereotype calls for another, as one lie calls for another.

The language and the style of text D strive to be characteristic of a young adolescent, innocent and awkward. The language and the style of text G strive to be characteristic of an adolescent already close, in certain respects, to being a woman. That is evident simply from the parts of the texts that I have mentioned -- parts that I did not choose, however, with a view to studying the language and the style of the two Anne Franks.

Mr. Frank has indulged in some storytelling. That is easily established when one sees how he has transformed the printed German text of 1950 (Lambert-Schneider) in order to make from it the text printed by Fischer (1955). It was on that occasion, in particular, that he made his daughter Anne say that her father is her "ideal" (1950 version); then, after thinking it over, that he is her "shining model" (1955 version). This inclination for storytelling did not come to Mr. Frank all at once. He had, we are told by one of Anne's former teachers, the harmless idiosyncrasy of composing stories and poems with his daughter ("Sometimes she told me stories and poems which she had made up together with him ," Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage, page 41). That happened about 1940. Anne was eleven years old and her father was 51. In 1942, Mr. Frank, a former banker in Frankfurt and a former merchant and businessman in Amsterdam, took a forced retirement at the age of 53. I do not think that his inclination for writing had disappeared then during his long days of inactivity. In any case, the Diary hardly gives us any information about what Mr. Frank did with his days. But what does it matter! Mr. Frank is a storyteller

who has given himself away. The drama of storytellers is that they add more to their stories. They never stop retouching, reworking, cutting out, correcting. By doing this they end up incurring the distrust of certain people. And it is child's play for those people to prove the storytelling. It is very easy to confound Mr. Frank. It is sufficient to have at hand text D and one of the two different versions of text G. It is enough to remind him that he had declared in writing to the Dutch: "I guarantee to you that here, on such and such a date, Anne wrote: day or shoes or butter cakes or fascist or large," while to the Germans he has gone on to declare in writing regarding the same places and the same dates: "I guarantee to you that Anne wrote: night or books or candy or giant or small." If Mr. Frank told the truth in the first case, he told a story in the second case. And vice-versa. He has told a story either here, or there. Or again -- and this is the most probable - he has made up the story here and there. In any case, one could never claim that Mr. Frank, in this affair of the Diary, is a man who has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The Diary cannot be in any way authentic. Consultation with allegedly authentic manuscripts is unnecessary. As a matter of fact, no manuscript in the world could certify that Anne Frank succeeded in the miraculous feat of writing two words at the same time and -- what is more -- two words with incompatible meanings, and -- even more -- two complete texts at the same time, which are most of the time totally contradictory. It is well understood that every printed text can have a critical apparatus with its variant readings, its explanatory notes, its indications of the existence of possible interpolations, etc. But I have already said (see above, page 106) that where one has at one's disposal only one manuscript, there are no longer any possible variant readings (barring specific cases: difficulties in deciphering a word, errors in preceding editions, etc.). And when one has at one's disposal several manuscripts (two, at the most, for certain periods of the Diary; perhaps three in some very limited cases), it is sufficient to eliminate those periods and those cases in order to confine oneself strictly to the periods and to the cases where it is necessary to be contented with a single manuscript (here, the period from 6 December 1942 to 21 December 1943).

To the hypothesis, henceforth inconceivable, according to which there would exist an authentic manuscript, I say that none of the printed texts can claim to reproduce the text of the manuscript. The following table establishes, in fact, that the Fischer edition of 1955 comes in the eighth position in the order of succession of the varying forms of the Diary. To understand this table, refer especially to the discussion starting on page 93.

('Official') Chronological table of successive forms of the text of the Diary

1. The manuscript of Anne Frank;
2. Copy by Otto Frank, then by Otto Frank and Isa Cauvern;
3. New version of the copy by Otto Frank and Isa Cauvern;
4. New-new version of the copy by Albert Cauvern;
5. New-new-new version by Otto Frank;
6. New-new-new-new version by Otto Frank and the "Censors";
7. Contact edition (1947);
8. Lambert Schneider edition (1950), radically different from the preceding one, and even incompatible with it;
9. Fischer edition (1955) taking up again the preceding one in a "discreetly" (?) reworked and retouched form.

One could, of course, claim that 5was perhaps only a very faithful copy of 4. The same for 7in relation to 6. That would be to suppose that Mr. Frank, who reworked this text constantly, had suddenly refrained from doing it at the moment of recopying text 4without any witness, and at the moment of the probable correction of the printer's proofs for 7. Personally, I maintain these nine stages as a minimum to which it is necessary indeed to add one, two or three "copies" for text 8.

The only interest in a study of the manuscripts allegedly by Anne Frank would be to bring to light some elements still more crushing for Mr. Frank: for example, some letters or fragments of letters that have never been published (the reasons for nonpublication should be inquired into closely, without trusting in the reasons given by Mr. Frank, which always have a very suspicious sentimental coloring); for example also, some very changeable names for Anne's "correspondents" (the idea of showing her always addressing herself to the same "dear Kitty" seems to be a belated idea), etc.

The reasoning which would consist of claiming that in the Diary there would exist nevertheless a basis of truth would be a reasoning without value. First, because it would be necessary to know that truth or to be able to distinguish it in the jumble

of the obvious fictions; the lie is, most often, only the art of adapting the truth. Then, because a work of the mind (as, for example, the editing of a "diary") is not defined by a basis, but by a unity of forms: the forms of a written expression, the forms which an individual has given to it once and for all, for better or for worse.

The reasoning which would consist of saying that there have only been some hundreds of changes between such and such form of the Diary is fallacious. The word "changes" is too vague. It allows, according to the taste of each person, all sorts of condemnations or, especially, all sorts of excuses. Furthermore, a change can involve, as we have seen, a single word or a text of 1,600 words!

For my part, I have called attention to several hundreds of changes, only between the Dutch text and either of the two texts -- which differ from each other -- that have been published in Germany. I call those changes: additions, subtractions, transferences, and alterations (by substitutions of one word for another, of one group of words of another -- these words and these groups of words being incompatible with each other, even if indeed, by the rarest exception, the meaning could be maintained). The whole of these changes must affect approximately 25,000 [3] words of the Fischer text which itself must be 77,000 words (that is, in any case, the number which I take for a base).

The French translation of Het Achterhuis can be called a "translation" in spite of the absence of one of the 169 entries of the Dutch Contact edition and notwithstanding indeed some weaknesses and also some bizarre things which lead one to think that there still could be some troublesome discoveries to be made. (Journal de Anne Frank, Het Achterhuis, translated from the Dutch by T. Caren and Suzanne Lombard, Calmann-Levy, 1950, printed 5 January 1974, 320 pages.) The Lambert Schneider edition cannot in any event be presented as a translation. As to the Fischer edition, it cannot call itself a reproduction of the Lambert Schneider edition, nor a translation of Het Achterhuis.

That impressive ensemble of additions, subtractions, transferences, alterations; those fictions of Mr. Frank; those dishonesties of the editors; those interventions of outsiders, friends of Mr. Frank, the existence of two such different books presented as one and the same Diary of Anne Frank -- all these reveal a work which cannot, in any way, retain the prestige attached to an authentic testimony. The inconsistencies of the various texts are of all kinds. They concern the language and the style, the length and the form of the pieces that make up the Diary, the number and the kind of anecdotes reported, the description of the premises, the mention of material realities, the dialogues, the ideas exchanged, the tastes expressed; they concern the very personalities of the principal characters, to begin with the personality of Anne Frank, a personality which gives the impression of living in a world of pure fiction.

While offering himself as personal guarantor of the authenticity of this work, which is only fiction, Mr. Frank, who has besides obviously intervened at all stages of the genesis of the book, has signed what it is appropriate to call a literary fraud. The Diary of Anne Frank is to be placed on the already crowded shelf of false memoirs. Our post-war period has been fertile in works or writings of this kind. Among those false, apocryphal, or suspicious works (either entirely, or by insertions of foreign elements) one can mention: the various "testimonies" of Rudolf H...ss, Kurt Gerstein, Miklos Nyiszli, Emmanuel Ringelblum, the memoirs of Eva Braun, Adolf Eichmann, Walter Schellenberg, but also the document entitled: "Prayer of John XXIII for the Jews." One must mention especially the false diaries fabricated by the Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw and denounced by the French historian Michel Borwicz, of Polish Jewish origin; among those diaries could appear that of one Therese Hescheles, age thirteen.[4]

l would take care not to forget that one of the most celebrated forgeries was fabricated against the Jews: the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. I ask that people not misunderstand the direction that I have given to my research on the authenticity of the *Diary of Anne Frank*. Even if my personal conviction is that the work comes from Mr. Frank; even if I think that at the rate of two letters per day, three months would have been enough for him to prepare the first version of his clumsy fiction; even if I think that he did not believe that his work would know such an immense success (which, at the same time, would risk causing its terrible faults to become evident); even if I think that one can then find many extenuating circumstances for him; even if I have the conviction that he did not at all seek to make up a vast hoax, but that he found himself dragged along by circumstances to guarantee all the extraordinarily brilliant results of a humble and banal undertaking -- in spite of all that, the truth obliges me to say that *The Diary of Anne Frank* is only a simple literary fraud.

French editor's postscript (1980)

The report that you have just read was not destined for publication. In the mind of Professor Faurisson, it only constituted one piece, among others, of a work that he intended to devote to *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

We publish it today -- in spite of the reticence of its author who, for his part, would have hoped for a more extended publication including some elements which are still being worked on because the French press and the foreign press have created an uproar about the professor's opinion on the *Diary of Anne Frank*. The public itself may feel the need to judge these pieces. We have thus wished to put the essential part of these pieces at its disposal. You can thus make for yourself your own judgments on Faurisson's methods of work and on the results to which they had led him by August of 1978.

This report, in the exact form [5] (see next page) under which we publish it, already has an official existence. It was in August of 1978 that it was sent, in its German version, to the lawyer Jürgen Rieger to be presented as evidence at a court in Hamburg. Mr. Rieger was and still remains today the defender of Ernst Remer, subjected to a trial for having publicly expressed his doubts on the authenticity of the Diary.

The court, after having heard the parties and having begun to examine the basis of the litigation, decided, to everyone's surprise, to adjourn any new session *sine die*.

According to the usual scenario, from the time the trial opened the press dictated to the court the conduct to follow. The Social Democratic Party of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt went into the front lines of the battle and in a long open letter vigorously took a position in favor of Mr. Frank. For this political party, the cause was judged in advance, and the authenticity of the Diary had been proved a long time ago.

The court in question, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Rieger to start the trial once more, has never rendered its judgment. The German press deplored the fact that Mr. Otto Frank still had to wait for "justice to be done." Still, this refusal to judge constitutes progress. In a similar case, Professor Faurisson had drawn up a five-page report summarizing his research and his conclusions about the "gas chambers." That statement was signed and the signature was notarized. The professor had gone so far as to cite the text of the Journal officiel of the French Republic establishing that a legalization of signature in France was valid in West Germany. A waste of effort: in the reasons presented for the condemnation, the Court decreed that "Faurisson" was only a pseudonym. For the same reason it refused the testimony of the American professor Arthur R. Butz. Justice is equal for all, subject to the exceptio diabolica.

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Anne Frank's Handwriting

Historical News and Comment

By Robert Faurisson · April 1, 1989

Last updated on

One reason for skepticism about the famous diary attributed to Anne Frank is the existence of strikingly different samples of handwriting supposedly written by her within a two and a half year period.

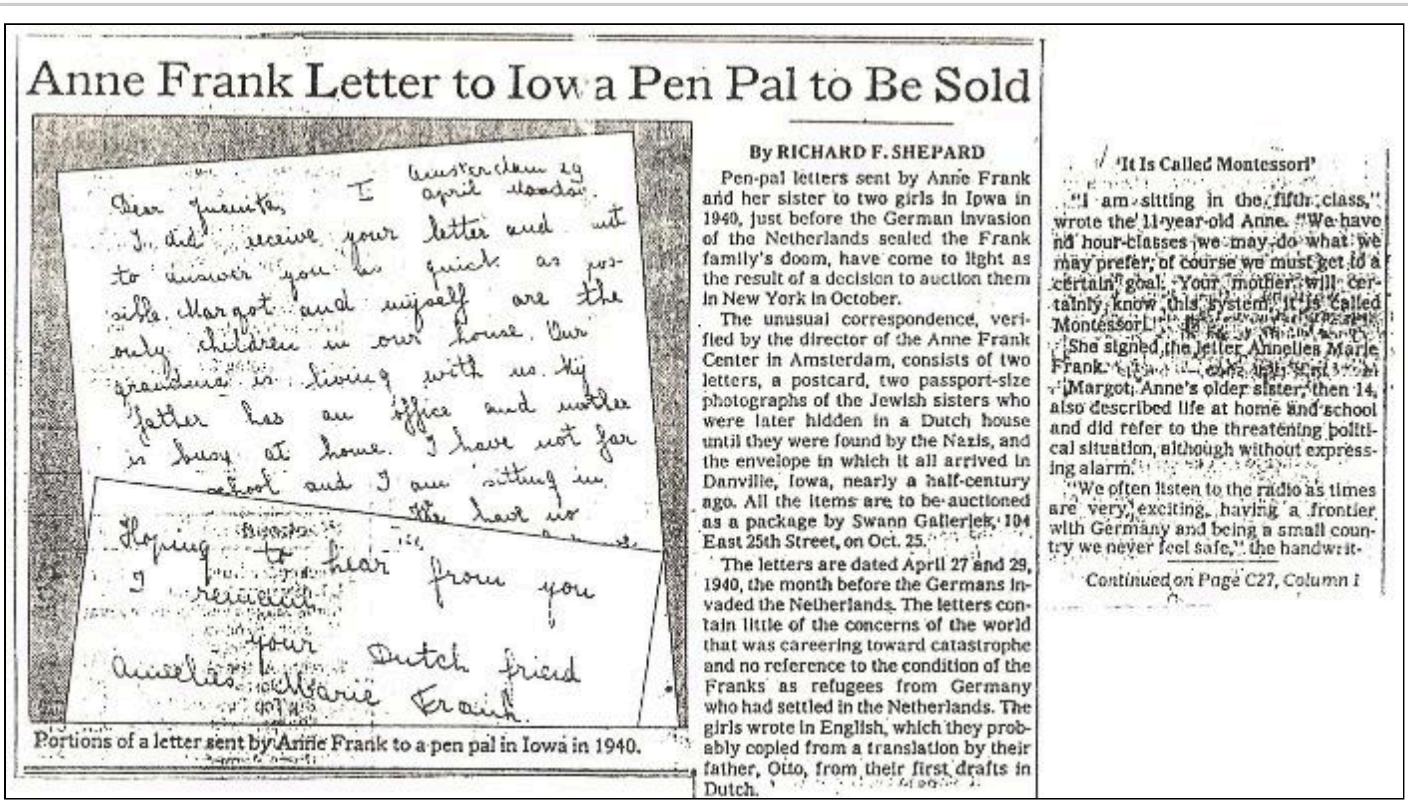
My first work about the Anne Frank diary was published in French in 1980. A translation of it appeared in the Summer 1982 issue of *The Journal of Historical Review* under the title "Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?" (pp. 147-209).

A facsimile reprint of this article was published as a booklet by the Institute for Historical Review in 1985. Two samples of handwriting attributed to Anne Frank appeared on the front cover and on page 209. Each was written when she was about 13 years old, but strangely enough, the earlier one (dated 12 June 1942) looks much more mature and "adult-like" than the sample which was supposedly written four months later (dated 10 October 1942).

In response to growing skepticism about the authenticity of the famous diary, the State Institute for War Documentation in Amsterdam (Rijksinstituut voor Orloogsdocumentatie or RIOD) published a book in 1986 which includes a facsimile of a letter supposedly written by Anne dated 30 July 1941.

The discovery in the USA of some more samples of Anne's handwriting was announced in July 1988. This includes two letters dated 27 and 29 April 1940 and a postcard that was sent with one of the letters, all written to an 11-year-old penpal in Danville, Iowa.

These letters create a new problem for the State Institute for War Documentation because the handwriting on them is quite different than the "adult" handwriting of her letter of 30 July 1941 as well as most of the purported diary manuscript.



Anne Frank Letter to Iowa Pen Pal to Be Sold

By RICHARD F. SHEPARD

Pen-pal letters sent by Anne Frank and her sister to two girls in Iowa in 1940, just before the German invasion of the Netherlands sealed the Frank family's doom, have come to light as the result of a decision to auction them in New York in October.

The unusual correspondence, verified by the director of the Anne Frank Center in Amsterdam, consists of two letters, a postcard, two passport-size photographs of the Jewish sisters who were later hidden in a Dutch house until they were found by the Nazis, and the envelope in which it all arrived in Danville, Iowa, nearly a half-century ago. All the items are to be auctioned as a package by Swann Galleries, 104 East 25th Street, on Oct. 25.

The letters are dated April 27 and 29, 1940, the month before the Germans invaded the Netherlands. The letters contain little of the concerns of the world that was careering toward catastrophe and no reference to the condition of the Franks as refugees from Germany who had settled in the Netherlands. The girls wrote in English, which they probably copied from a translation by their father, Otto, from their first drafts in Dutch.

'It Is Called Montessori'

"I am sitting in the fifth class," wrote the 11-year-old Anne. "We have nd hour-classes we may do what we may prefer, of course we must get to a certain goal. Your mother will certainly know this system. It is called Montessori."

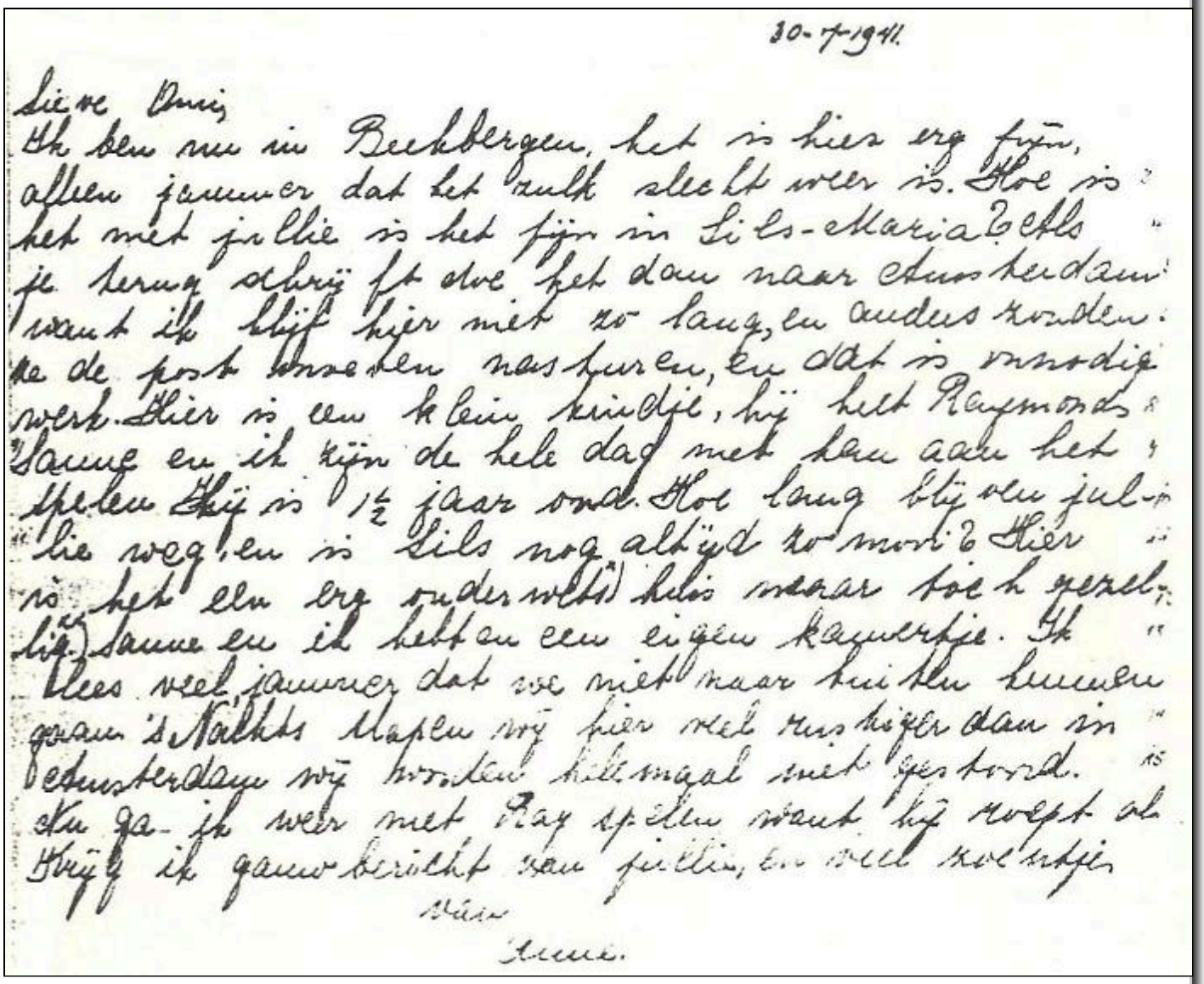
She signed the letter Annelies Marie Frank. Her sister, Margot, Anne's older sister, then 14, also described life at home and school and did refer to the threatening political situation, although without expressing alarm.

"We often listen to the radio as times are very exciting, having a frontier with Germany and being a small country we never feel safe," the handwrit-

Continued on Page C27, Column 1

Portions of a letter sent by Anne Frank to a pen pal in Iowa in 1940.

Sample 1: *29 April 1940: Anne was almost 11. Source: New York Times, 22 July 1988, p. A1. (Click to enlarge)*

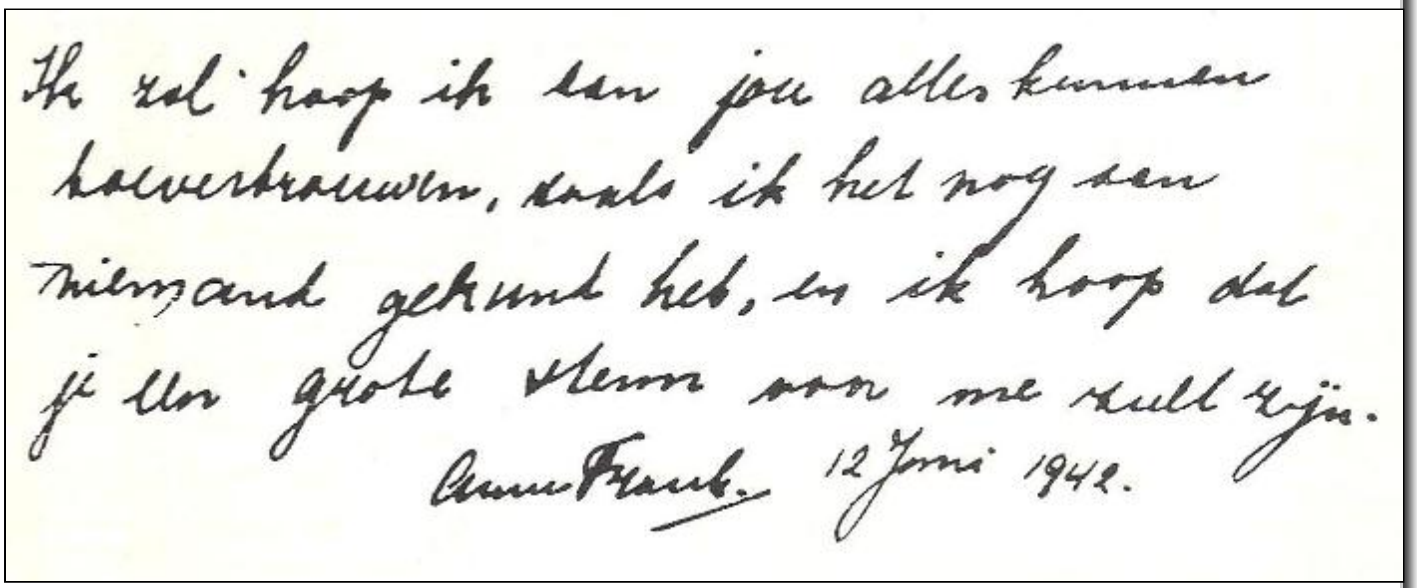


30-7-1941.

Lieve Ouis
Ik ben nu in Beekbergen, het is hier erg fijn, alleen jammer dat het zulk slecht weer is. Hoe is het met jullie is het fijn in Lils-Maria? Als je terug schrijft dan het dan naar Amsterdam want ik blijf hier niet zo lang, en anders konden ze de post wroeten nasturen, en dat is vervelend werk. Hier is een klein kindje, bij het Raymonds Jannie en ik zijn de hele dag met hem aan het spelen. Hij is 1½ jaar oud. Hoe lang blijven jullie weg, en is Lils nog altijd zo mooi? Hier is het een erg ondeugend huis maar toch gezellig. Jannie en ik hebben een eigen kamertje. Ik lees veel jammer dat we niet naar huis kunnen gaan 's Nachts slapen wij hier veel ruimer dan in Amsterdam wij worden helemaal niet gestoord. Nu ga ik weer met Ray spelen want hij vroegt al. Hoop ik gauw bericht van jullie, en veel voorspoed

Groet
Anne.

Sample 2: *30 July 1941: Anne was a little more than 12. Source:* De Dagboeken van Anne Frank, *Amsterdam; RIOD, 1986, p. 126. (Click to enlarge)*



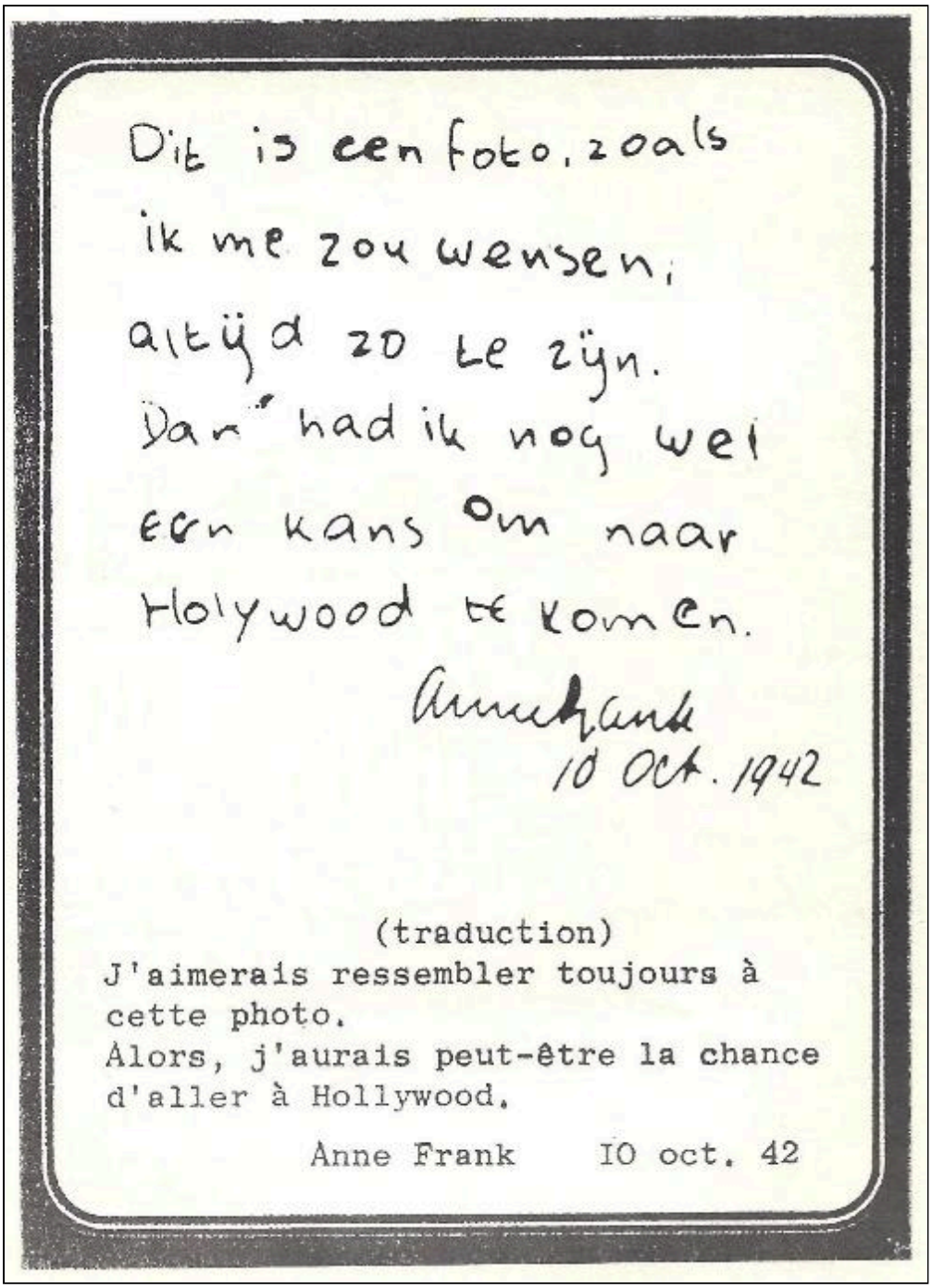
Ik zal hoop ik van jou alles kunnen halverhalen, zoals ik het nog aan niemand gekund heb, en ik hoop dat je een groote steun voor me zult zijn.

Anne Frank. 12 Juni 1942.

Sample 3: *12 June 1942: Anne was exactly 13. Source:* Journal de Anne Frank, *Calmann-Levy, 1950. (Click to enlarge)*

These discoveries strengthen my belief that the "adult handwriting attributed to Anne is, in reality, very likely the handwriting of one of the persons who officially "helped" Otto Frank prepare the diary for publication just after the war.

Reproduced here are four samples of handwriting attributed to Anne Frank (who was born on 12 June 1929) with their dates.



***Sample 4:** 10 Oct 1942: Anne was a little more than 13. Source: Journal de Anne Frank, Livre de Poche, 1975. (Click to enlarge)*

The Simon Wiesenthal Center (Los Angeles) is supposed to have bought the pen-pal letter.

Robert Faurisson

Prof. Dr. Robert Faurisson (born Jan. 25, 1929, Shepperton, UK; died Oct. 21, 2018, Vichy, France) was a British-French expert for litertature, text, document and witness critique. He received his PhD in letters and the humanities in 1972 from the Sorbonne, where he also taught from 1969 to 1974. From 1974 until 1990, Faurisson was a professor of French literature at the University of Lyon II. He is a recognized specialist of text and document analysis, and is the author of four books on French literature. After years of private research and study, Dr. Faurisson first made public his skeptical views about the Holocaust extermination story in two items published in December 1978 and January 1979 in the influential Paris daily *Le Monde*.

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The Diary of Anne Frank: Is it Genuine?

An Update

By Robert Faurisson · March 1, 2001

Last updated on

This article, written in June 2000 at the request of Italian scholar Cesare Saletta, is adapted from the preface to the recently-published Italian edition of Dr. Faurisson's essay, "Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?," which was originally written in 1978 for submission to a Hamburg court, and published in French, two years later, in a work by Serge Thion.[1] In the following essay, the author takes another look at the famous diary (or diaries), taking into account developments since then, including the publication in 1986 by a Netherlands government agency of a comprehensive "critical edition" of the Anne Frank diary.

– The Editor

Pierre Vidal-Naquet in 1980: 'A Doctored Text'

In 1980, the prominent French Jewish scholar Pierre Vidal-Naquet, in whose eyes I am nothing but an "assassin of memory" (Jewish

Robert Faurisson is Europe's foremost Holocaust revisionist scholar. Born in 1929, he was educated at the Paris Sorbonne, and served as a professor at the University of Lyon in France from 1974 until 1990. He was a specialist of text and document analysis. After years of private research and study, Dr.

memory, it is understood), nonetheless wrote:[2]

> *It sometimes happens that Faurisson is right. I have said publicly, and repeat here, that when he shows that the Anne Frank diary is a doctored text, he may not be right in all details, [but] he is certainly right overall and an expert examination made for the Hamburg court has just shown that, in effect, this text was at the very least revised after the war, since [it was written] using ballpoint pens which appeared only in 1951. That is plain, clear and precise.*

Those familiar with Vidal-Naquet, and his penchant for chopping and changing, will not be surprised to learn that, a few years afterwards, the professor repudiated this statement.

The 1986 'Critical Edition' of the Anne Frank Diary

In 1986 there appeared in Amsterdam, under the direction of the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation – Rijksinstituut voor Oorlogsdocumentatie (RIOD) – a big volume with "scholarly"

Faurisson first made public his skeptical views about the Holocaust extermination story in articles published in 1978 and 1979 in the French daily *Le Monde*. His writings on the Holocaust issue have appeared in several books and numerous scholarly articles, many of which have been published in this *Journal*. A four-volume collection of many of his revisionist writings, *Ecrits Revisionnistes (1974-1998)*, was published in 1999. This essay is adapted from a piece written in June 2000 as the preface to a recent Italian edition of "Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?"

Anne Frank in 1942. She died of typhus in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp in March 1945, shortly before her 16th birthday. On March 16, 1945, a revisionist

researcher has found, 102 women, girls and babies named "Anne" or "Anna" were killed in the Bavarian city of Würzburg, victims of an incendiary bomb attack by Allied war planes.

pretensions.[3] (The dust jacket of the US edition calls this "the most fascinating, comprehensive study of that diary in existence," while the dust jacket blurb of the French edition similarly calls this the "complete edition of the diary's three versions.") Those words communicated, not that Anne Frank's "diary" was genuine, but rather – and what a surprise, this plural! – that her "diaries" were. With much circumspect wording, this book accused the young girl's father, Otto Heinrich Frank, of having carried out manipulations of the original texts, and of having lied. Of the abusive "corrections" and "cuts" imputed to the latter, the Netherlands Institute stated straightforwardly:[4]

> *All this may seem natural and understandable in one who aspired merely to publish the essence ("das Wesentliche") of the literary bequest, the document humain, of his daughter, in what appeared to him a fit and proper manner. However, the sentence inserted on his authority at the conclusion of the Dutch edition of the Diary: "With the exception of a few sections of little interest to the reader, the original text has been retained," must be seen as something more than an obvious understatement.*
>
> *Otto Frank stuck to this conviction to his death: "the essence" had been published and that was the end of the matter. No amount of argument could make him change his mind.*

Robert Faurisson in his home town of Vichy, France, September 2000.

> *As a result, over the long years during which the diary went on to play an increasingly important role in the view of millions of people who came to look on it as a historical document rather that as a work of literature, he did not make it easier to ward off attacks on the book.*

The Netherlands Institute thus conceded to me a point of capital importance: I had been right in reproaching Otto Frank and in attacking his stubbornness in hiding the truth about his manipulations. But the "critical edition" held that there had nevertheless existed a whole series of Anne Frank diaries, all genuine, and that thus I had been wrong on the other, essential question, of the diary's authenticity. I had, therefore, the right to expect both a rebuttal of my arguments on that point, and a demonstration of the authenticity of the diaries. Yet, in this purportedly scholarly Netherlands Institute edition, I found nothing of the kind.

A Diversionary Tactic

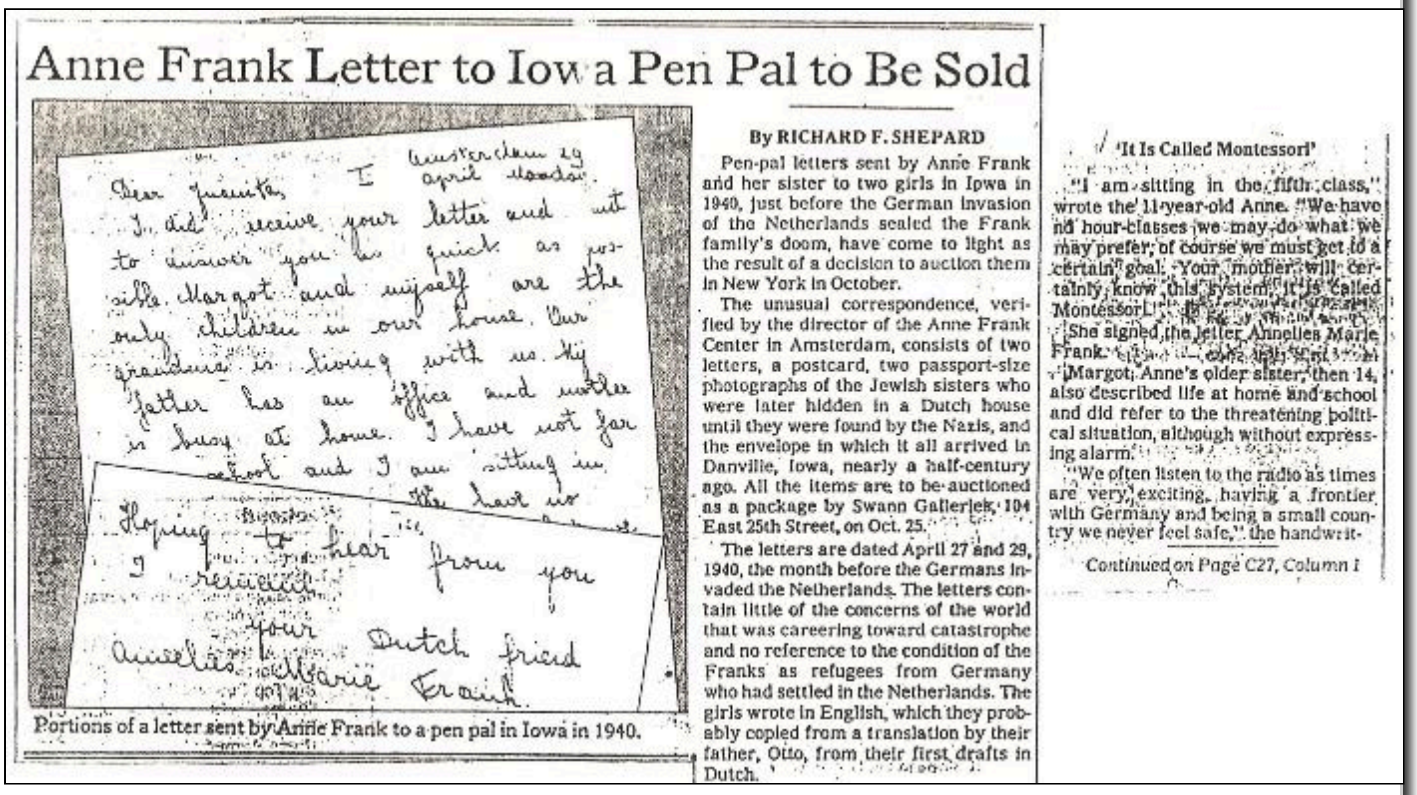
This 720-page work resembles the sort of deception whereby an attempt is made, through a show of learning on a given subject, to draw attention away from the matter at hand. In this case, the demonstration is essentially nothing more than a handwriting analysis. Accompanied with a generous array of photographs and tables, stress is laid in this "scholarly" book on the similarities between handwriting samples, while differences – glaring even to a layman – are handled with great discretion.

A crucial point: We are not shown the two handwriting samples that I had reproduced in my analysis (page 297 of Thion's 1980 book), and no analysis of them is offered by the Netherlands Institute. I refer here to two extraordinarily divergent samples: the "adult" cursive script dated June 12, 1942, and the "childish" printed script dated four months later, October 10, 1942; the two "Anne Frank" signatures alone differ peculiarly. It was in this regard that I most wanted an answer, for this goes to the heart of the matter. [5]

There is no sample of Isa Cauvern's *handwriting*, about whose involvement I had voiced suspicions. She had been Otto Frank's secretary. She married

Albert Cauvern, a dramatist working for a Dutch radio station. Isa and Albert Cauvern worked on the "diary" manuscript and on the various typescripts. In 1947, the year that the first edition of the "diary" was p ublished in the Netherlands under the title *Het Achterhuis*, she committed suicide, a fact that the Netherlands Institute's "critical edition" does not mention.[6]

A Comparison of Handwriting Samples, Each Attributed to Anne Frank



Anne Frank Letter to Iowa Pen Pal to Be Sold

By RICHARD F. SHEPARD

Pen-pal letters sent by Anne Frank and her sister to two girls in Iowa in 1940, just before the German invasion of the Netherlands sealed the Frank family's doom, have come to light as the result of a decision to auction them in New York in October.

The unusual correspondence, verified by the director of the Anne Frank Center in Amsterdam, consists of two letters, a postcard, two passport-size photographs of the Jewish sisters who were later hidden in a Dutch house until they were found by the Nazis, and the envelope in which it all arrived in Danville, Iowa, nearly a half-century ago. All the items are to be auctioned as a package by Swann Galleries, 104 East 25th Street, on Oct. 25.

The letters are dated April 27 and 29, 1940, the month before the Germans invaded the Netherlands. The letters contain little of the concerns of the world that was careering toward catastrophe and no reference to the condition of the Franks as refugees from Germany who had settled in the Netherlands. The girls wrote in English, which they probably copied from a translation by their father, Otto, from their first drafts in Dutch.

'It Is Called Montessori'

"I am sitting in the fifth class," wrote the 11-year-old Anne. "We have nd hour-classes we may do what we may prefer, of course we must get to a certain goal. Your mother will certainly know this system, it is called Montessori."

She signed the letter Annelies Marie Frank.

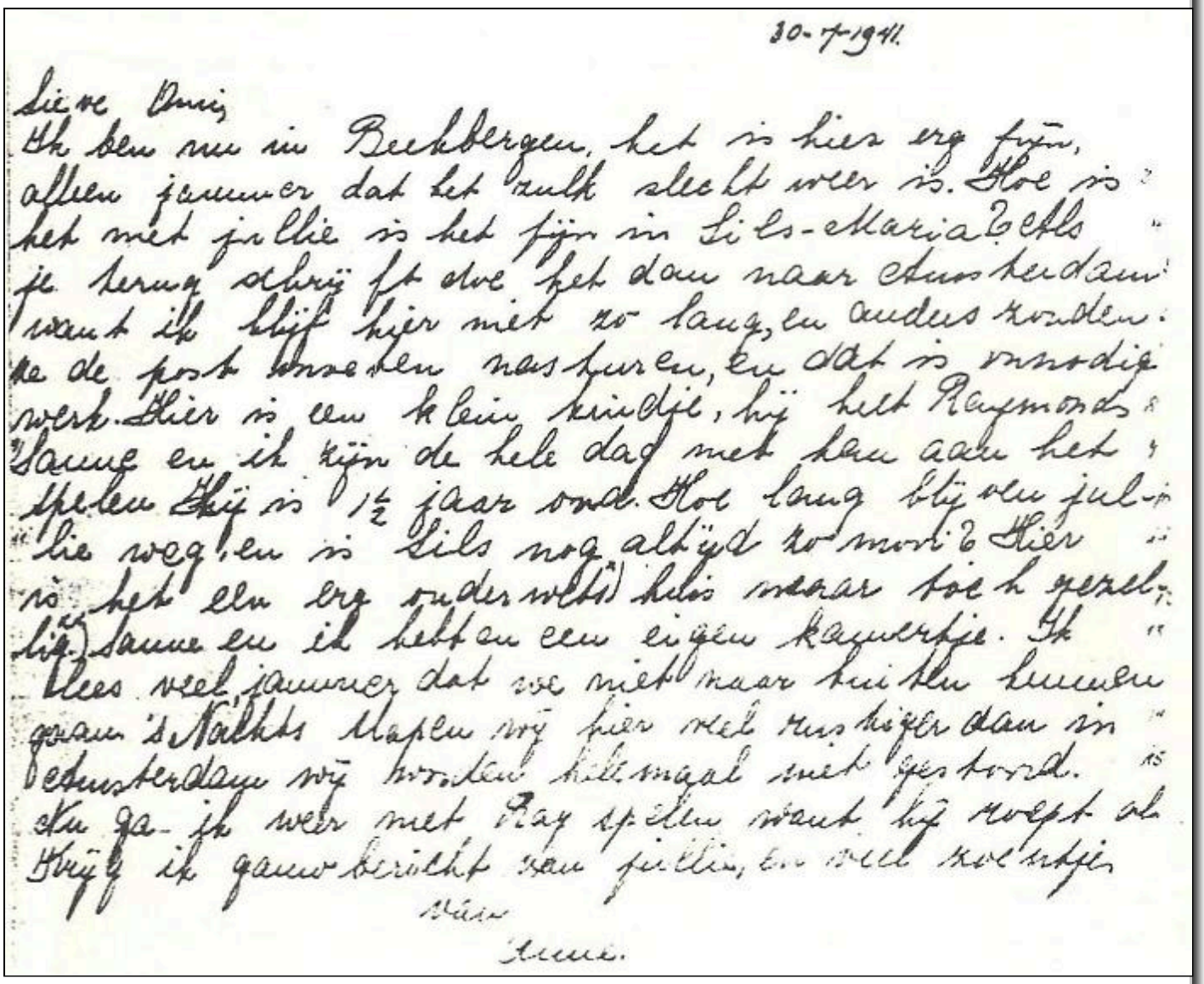
Margot, Anne's older sister, then 14, also described life at home and school and did refer to the threatening political situation, although without expressing alarm.

"We often listen to the radio as times are very exciting, having a frontier with Germany and being a small country we never feel safe," the handwrit-

Continued on Page C27, Column 1

Portions of a letter sent by Anne Frank to a pen pal in Iowa in 1940.

April 29, 1940, from a letter written when Anne was nearly eleven years old. Source: "The New York Times," July 22, 1988, front page. (Click to enlarge)

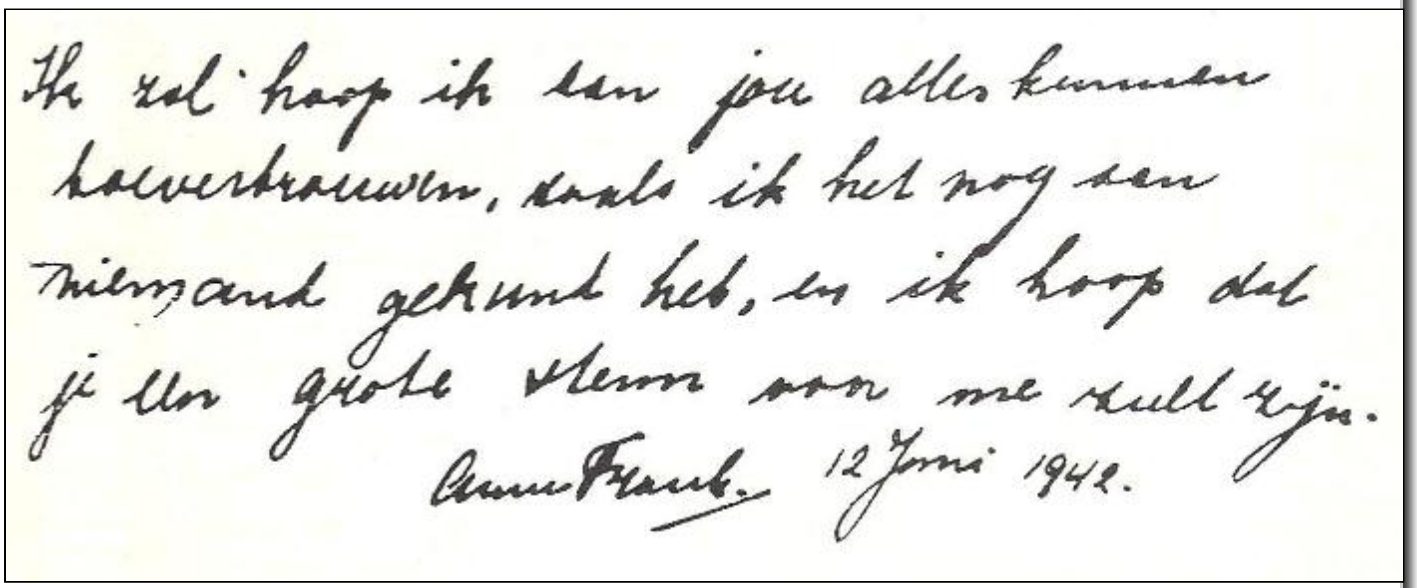


30-7-1941.

Lieve Ouis
Ik ben nu in Beekbergen, het is hier erg fijn, alleen jammer dat het zulk slecht weer is. Hoe is het met jullie is het fijn in Lils-Maria? Als je terug schrijft dan het dan naar Amsterdam want ik blijf hier niet zo lang, en anders konden de de post wroeten nasturen, en dat is vervelend werk. Hier is een klein kindje, bij het Raymonds Jannie en ik zijn de hele dag met hem aan het spelen. Hij is 1½ jaar oud. Hoe lang blijf uw jullie weg, en is Lils nog altijd zo mooi? Hier is het een erg ouderwetse huis maar toch gezellig. Jannie en ik hebben een eigen kamertje. Ik lees veel jammer dat we niet naar huis kunnen gaan 's Nachts slapen wij hier wel veel liever dan in Amsterdam wij worden helemaal niet gestoord. Nu ga ik weer met Ray spelen want hij vroegt al. Hoop ik gauw bericht van jullie, en veel voorpret

Hare
Anne.

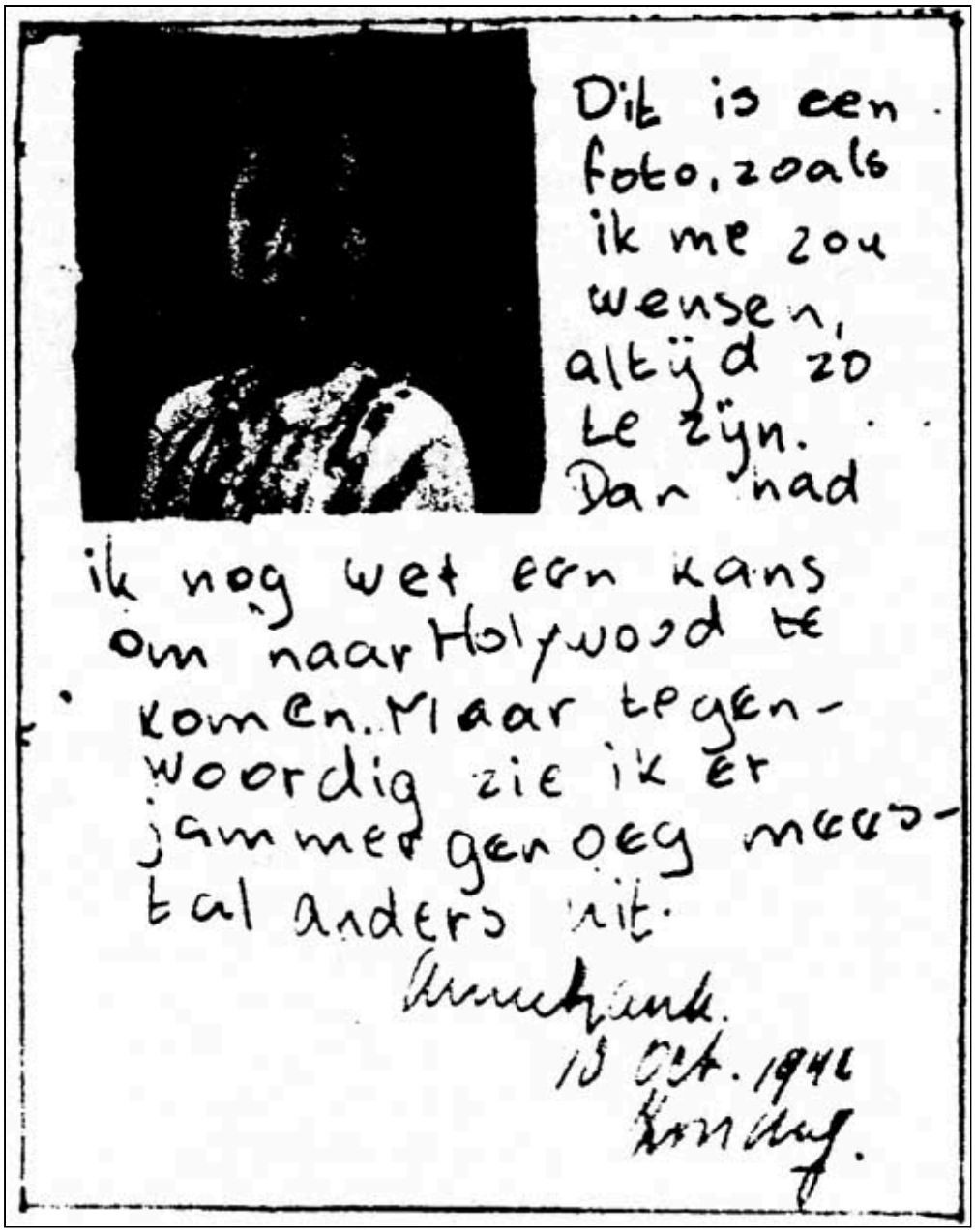
July 30, 1941. Source: "The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition" (New York: Doubleday, 1989), p. 107. (Click to enlarge)



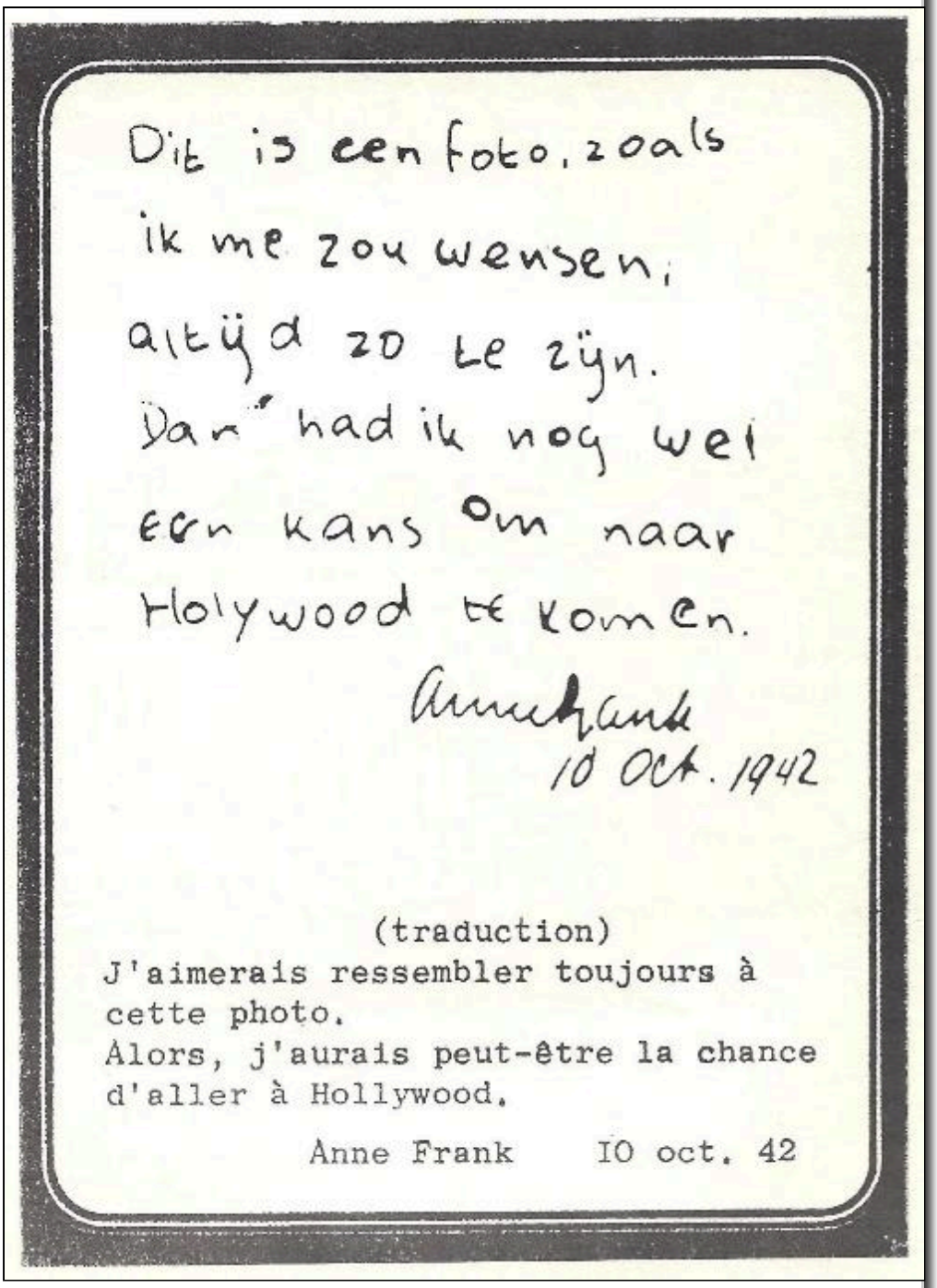
Ik zal hoop ik aan jou alles kunnen toevertrouwen, zoals ik het nog aan niemand gekund heb, en ik hoop dat je een groote steun voor me zult zijn.

Anne Frank. 12 Juni 1942.

June 12, 1942, when Anne was exactly 13 years old. Source: "The Diary ofa Young Girl: The Definitive Edition" (New York: Doubleday, 1995), p. ix. (Click to enlarge)



October 10, 1942. The text reads: "This is a photograph of me as I wish I looked all the time. Then I might still have a chance of getting to Hollywood. But at present, I'm afraid, I usually look quite different. Anne Frank. 10 Oct. 1942 Sunday" Source: "The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition" (New York: Doubleday, 1989), p. 282. (Click to enlarge)



October 10, 1942. The original text has apparently been both altered and cut. Source: Richard Amdur, "Anne Frank" (New York: Chelsea House, 1992/1993), p. 61. (Click to enlarge)

Nor is there any analysis, or even a sample, of the manuscript of the short stories attributed to Anne Frank, published as "Tales from the Secret Annex." I had been struck by the appearance of this manuscript: the "Tales" handwriting resembles that of a meticulous elderly accountant. Why, of all the manuscripts attributed to the girl, had this one not been made available to the experts?

Above all, however, the authors of this "scholarly" edition, by insisting so much on the study of handwritings, have abdicated what ought to have

been their main task: the examination of the content. They should have made it their first task to provide the reader with evidence that, contrary to what I had written, the "diary" account actually does mirror a physical or material reality. Moreover, they should have shown that this account, in all the forms of it that we know, is coherent and comprehensible – which is far from the case. But there is no such demonstration. At the beginning of this detailed work, there is indeed an attempt to grapple with the physical or material impossibilities I had pointed out, but this attempt comes to a sudden end. A response is made to a single point: that of the noises, at times quite loud, made by eight persons over a period of more than two years in a small space, presumed to be uninhabited; noises even at night, while "the enemies" are absent, the slightest noise must be avoided and, if someone has a cough, he or she takes codeine. Yet, in the attic, in the middle of the day, Peter cuts wood in front of an open window! My argument on this point is derided: my adversaries dare to respond, in the face of conclusive textual proof to the contrary, that "the enemies" were not there, at this or that precise moment, to hear anything.[7] All of my other arguments are passed over in silence. For his part, Otto Frank, during my meeting with him in 1977, after I had put him in an awkward position with my utterly down-to-earth questions, found no better reply than:

Otto Frank

> *Mr. Faurisson, you are theoretically and scientifically right. I agree with you one hundred percent … What you point out to me was, in fact, impossible. But, in practice, it was nevertheless in that way that things happened.*

To which I answered that, if he would be so good as to agree with me that a door could not be both open and shut at the same time, it followed that he, in practice, could not have seen a door in such a state. Yet, if I may put it thus, such physical or material impossibilities as simultaneously open and shut doors were already legion in the Anne Frank diary as we knew it at the time. What can one say of the likely growth in number of those impossibilities in the "diaries" (plural)?

A Financial Swindler?

Here is nonetheless a part of this "scholarly" edition that I cannot recommend enough to readers. It is that in which the rather unsettling prewar past of Otto Frank and his brother Herbert is revealed. In a preventive step against a possible revisionist inquiry into the matter, the authors inform us that in 1923 Otto Frank founded, in Frankfurt, a bank called "M. Frank and Sons." The three men who headed this firm were Herbert and Otto Frank and – this detail is of some importance for the story of the Anne Frank diary – one Johannes Kleiman, a man who appears in the diary under the name of Jo Koophuis and who, after the war, was to act as an informer against "collaborators" for the Dutch "Political Criminal Investigation Department."[8] Even before Hitler came to power in January 1933, the bank was implicated in various shady dealings. A trial was held, but Herbert, the principal, chose not to appear. He fled the country, finding refuge in France. As for Otto Frank, the Netherlands Institute authors do not tell us anything clear about what happened to him. They go only so far as to inform us that the relevant court records are missing, and that this is "in any case regrettable,"[9] an observation which lends a somewhat dubious aspect to the documents' disappearance. In any event, Otto Frank may have fled to the Netherlands in 1933 to evade German justice.

Before engaging in a kind of literary swindle, had Frank been involved in financial swindling? During the war, thanks to various subterfuges and to the support of his three main partners (all "Aryans"), he had the satisfaction of seeing his two firms make money in their dealings with, among other concerns, a Dutch mainstay of the Dresdner Bank, one of Germany's largest

banking firms. It can be stated that, even during his time in hospital at Auschwitz, his Amsterdam business carried on under the supervision of his associate Jan Gies. Back in Amsterdam after the war, he had a brush with the Dutch legal authorities, who were very attentive to matters of economic collaboration with Germany during the occupation. But an arrangement, we are told, was found.[10]

Worthless Evidence and Doubtful Witnesses?

The authors of this Netherlands Institute "critical edition" deal severely with the evidence and witnesses advanced by Otto Frank.

To begin with, they consider that the three expert analyses on which Frank based his claim of the diary's authenticity are devoid of any value.[11] Let us recall that those analyses, the absurdity of which I had pointed out, nevertheless received, in the 1960s, the endorsement of German judges, who used them in convicting those who, before me, had cast doubt on the diary's alleged authenticity.

Similarly severe is the appraisal of the Netherlands Institute of Ernst Schnabel's book *Spur eines Kindes* (published in the United States under the title *Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage*), which Otto Frank had enthusiastically advised me to read, and which also served to defend his argument. According to the Institute's "critical edition" authors: "Since it [Schnabel's book] contains various errors, all quotations from it should be treated with reservation."[12] As for Frank's star witness, the all-too-famous Miep Gies, it is an understatement to say that, on certain vital points of her testimony, she inspires no great confidence at the Netherlands Institute. The same goes for Victor Kugler ("Victor Kraler").[13]

The Netherlands Institute 'Critical Edition' Fiasco

All things considered, the Netherlands Institute's "critical edition" of the Anne Frank diary is a disaster for the late Otto Frank and for his experts, friends, and those who have vouched for him. Clearly, Frank's cause has been deemed indefensible. But, by cutting away the deadwood in an attempt to

preserve the tree, that is, by sacrificing Frank's reputation in order to save that of his daughter's alleged diary, the pruners at the Netherlands State Institute have found themselves confronting a kind of nothingness. Only a questionable "handwriting analysis" emerges from it all, which is all the more laughable given that, a few years after the publication of their "critical edition" in 1986, other samples of the girl's writing in various personal letters and postcards appeared on the open market. These samples, which seem genuine to me, have rendered worthless the Netherlands Institute's laborious analyses. In any case, the experts' work must now be reviewed from beginning to end.

Finally, I shall add that this big book contains no plan of the house in which, for more than two years, the eight persons allegedly lived in hiding.[14] Previous editions of the diary did carry such a plan, on which I have commented and which I compared with the house as I found it. This examination provided an argumentation with which to prove the fictitious nature of the whole account. The authors of the "scholarly" edition chose not to include a plan of the house. This is both an admission and an evasion.

In short, behind its show of erudition, this "comprehensive" Netherlands Institute edition is a fiasco.

The 1991 'Definitive' Edition

In the wake of the publication of the Netherlands Institute's study, it was only fitting to issue, for the general readership, a new "standard" edition of the diary to replace the one that Otto Frank had brought out in 1947. There was a real need to repair the damage wrought by the father, damage denounced by the Netherlands Institute. A certain Mirjam Pressler was entrusted with the job and, in 1991, there appeared a revised (*herziene*) and enlarged (*vermeerderde*) Dutch-language edition, which was presented as conforming fundamentally with what Anne Frank had written. This edition was described as "definitive." In 1995 there appeared an English translation – similarly presented as "definitive."[15]

An anomalous note, if not deceptive advertising, appeared on the title page, where the editor had the audacity to write: "The definitive edition… established by Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Pressler." Dead since 1980, Frank could hardly have collaborated with Pressler on this 1991 work – one that, moreover, is for him a posthumous snub. I venture to say that never has a French paperback book been so laden with confused explanations on its title page and introductory page, in its foreword, in the pages of the "note on the present edition" and, finally, in its afterword. One is barely able to make head or tail of it all. The editor's unease is obvious. Clearly he did not know just how to convey to the reader that this new Anne Frank diary is – this time for sure, and once and for all – *the* genuine diary.

We are told that Mirjam Pressler is "a popular, prize-winning writer of books for young readers and a well-known translator," and that she lives in Germany. But we are not told what method she might have employed to establish this text, based on the three texts of the "critical edition." How did she make her choices? What was her reason for keeping one fragment and discarding another? These questions remain unanswered.

I am not alone in noticing these irregularities. Even among aficionados of the legendary figure of Anne Frank, this odd Pressler edition is sometimes criticized, and in forceful terms. Writing in the British monthly *Prospect*, Nicolas Walter devotes three columns to the English edition. His article bears a title with a double meaning: "Not completely Frank."[16] He observes that the amalgamation of the three versions (the old translation and the two new ones) leaves us "with the result that all sorts of distortions and discrepancies remain." He adds: "The English version is said to be 'basically… as she wrote it,' which is not true, and it is described as the 'definitive edition,' which is nonsense." Walter goes on to write that this "standard" version is indeed "about one third longer" than the old "standard" version, but notes:

> *…it is still an eclectic conflation of A and B [that is, the first two versions of the "critical edition"], and it is marred by errors and omissions; many passages are in the wrong places and several passages are missing.*

Walter concludes by asking whether Anne Frank's memory "should not … be properly served by a satisfactory reading edition of her diary after half a

century."

The Afterword by Rosselin-Bobulesco

The 1992 French edition of this new "standard" version includes an afterword by Isabelle Rosselin-Bobulesco that, unhappily, is absent from the English-language edition. The author defends, of course, the argument according to which the "scholarly" edition settled the controversy about the authenticity of Anne Frank's diary – a claim that, as can be seen, amounts to wishful thinking. Still, I recommend reading the section devoted to "The authenticity of the Diary" and, in particular, pages 348-349, where my own position is outlined almost forthrightly, and where reasons for doubting that authenticity, which were inspired by Otto Frank's behavior, are mentioned. I regret only that, at least in the passage that I will quote here, these reasons are presented as if it were a matter of obvious things on which everyone agreed. In reality it was, for the most part, my 1978 analysis that brought to light all that follows in the passage, and which evoked, at the time, all of the attacks on me – attacks that, as can be seen today, were in fact slanders.

Here I yield the floor to Rosselin-Bobulesco, highlighting some of her words:

> *At his death, Otto Frank bequeathed all of Anne's writings to the Netherlands State Institute of War Documentation, the RIOD. In the face of the assaults calling the authenticity of the diary into question, the RIOD considered that, in view of the Diary's quasi-symbolic aspect and historical interest, it had become indispensable to allay the doubts. We know that inaccuracies were not lacking. The diary was written in several notebooks and on loose-leaf. Anne Frank herself had drafted two versions. There had been several typed versions that did not entirely follow the original text. Modifications, additions, or removals had been effected by her father. Besides, corrections had been introduced by persons whom Otto Frank had asked to reread the diary, lest his own insufficient knowledge of Dutch prevent a proper weeding out of his daughter's mistakes in spelling and grammar. Furthermore, the Dutch editor himself had also modified the text by removing certain passages of a sexual character, deemed at the time to be too shocking, those in*

which Anne speaks of her menstrual periods, for example. As for the different translations, they evinced disparities. There were inaccuracies in the German translation, certain passages had been suppressed so as not to offend the German reader. The translation had been made from a typewritten text that was not the definitive text that had served as the basis for [the original book in Dutch]. In the American edition, certain passages that had been removed from the Dutch version had, on the contrary, been reinserted. Several expert analyses of the handwritten text were carried out, several lawsuits had been filed, in response to the attacks against the diary. Never had there emerged a clear picture of the situation, even if the outcome of the court cases and of the inquiries upheld Otto Frank.

Isabelle Rosselin-Bobulesco may minimize the actual facts as she wishes, and she may present things in the colors of her choice: all the same, this passage makes clear that I was perfectly well founded in believing neither the text of the alleged Anne Frank diary nor the replies to my questions by Otto Frank.

The December 1998 Amsterdam Judgment Against Me

Nevertheless, on December 9, 1998, a court in Amsterdam found a way to rule against me for my analysis of the diary of Anne Frank. This study, which I drafted 20 years earlier for a German court, had been published since 1980 in France and in a number of other countries without ever prompting legal action. In the Netherlands, however, it will not do to lay an impious hand on the icon of Saint Anne Frank.

The intrepid Siegfried Verbeke had translated my 1978 study into Dutch-Flemish, publishing it in a 1991 brochure entitled "The 'Diary' of Anne Frank: A Critical Approach" (*Het 'Dagboek' van Anne Frank: een kritische benadering*).[17] Verbeke introduced my text with a foreword that was certainly revisionist in character but altogether moderate in tone. Two associations then filed a lawsuit against us: the Anne Frank Foundation in Amsterdam, and the Anne Frank Fund in Basel. These organizations are known for the ruthless war they wage against each other over the corpse of Anne Frank and the remains of her late father, but in this case, faced with

danger to their identical financial interests, they decided to make common cause. It must be said that an enormous business has grown up around Anne Frank's name, a veritable "industry," as Nicolas Walter calls it.

The plaintiffs claimed, in particular, that my analysis gave "negative publicity" to their associations, with unpleasant financial results. For example, the Anne Frank Foundation, which runs the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam as a popular tourist center, revealed that it had to spend time and money combatting the booklet's harmful effect. Indeed, my own information leads me to believe that the personnel of the Anne Frank House receive special training enabling them to respond effectively to queries or arguments from visitors who have been influenced by reading Verbeke or Faurisson. The Foundation added:

> *Moreover, the statements in the booklet may in the long term cause the number of visitors to Anne Frank House to diminish, with Anne Frank House's management finding itself in difficulties as a result.*

In its decision, the court did not fail to adopt, as its own, the plaintiffs' views on "the symbolic function that Anne Frank has acquired," and on the decidedly perverse nature of the revisionists Verbeke and Faurisson. Relying solely on the handwriting analysis requested by the Netherlands State Institute, the Amsterdam court declared that it was impossible to call into question the authenticity of the work attributed to Anne Frank. The court added:

> *Toward the victims of the Holocaust and their surviving relatives, the remarks [of Verbeke and Faurisson] are hurtful and needlessly offensive. It follows inescapably that they cause [the survivors] psychological or emotional injury.*

Copyright Infringement?!

The most staggering part of the ruling was the court's finding that I had personally breached the law on copyright by quoting numerous extracts from the Anne Frank diary. The court ruled, without citing evidence, that "the quotations [on pages 36-39 of the booklet] are removed from their

context in an unwarranted manner." This referred to the beginning of my analysis, that is, the parts I had numbered from four to ten, in which, with a salvo of very brief quotations, I listed the manifold physical or material impossibilities in the "diary." Quite obviously, neither Otto Frank nor anyone else has ever found a reply to this. But that court in Amsterdam found, if not an answer, then at least a way out: in the court's view, my quotations are simply not to be considered because, apparently, they infringe copyright.

In my long experience with law courts, in France and abroad, I have had occasion to witness a good deal of baseness, of sophistry, of warping and twisting the truth, as well as every sort of judicial ploy. Nonetheless, I believe that this Amsterdam court, in its decision of December 9, 1998, overstepped the bounds of decency in rebuking me for having, in a textual analysis, repeatedly quoted from the text. Not one of those quotations, incidentally, had been removed from its context. On the contrary, with painstaking diligence, I had, I believe, demonstrated great care in looking over, as closely as possible, all the words of the text proper, then putting those same words back into their most direct context. But it is likely that the court understood the word "context" in a broad and flexible sense, as too often happens, that is, of a context that is historical, sociological, psychological, and so forth. In doing so, the court, of course, gave its own subjective view of the history or psychology of an Anne Frank whom it conceived in line with its own imagination, without paying the slightest heed to the words that, one by one, constitute a work called the diary of Anne Frank.

A Judgment With the Help of the French Police and Justice System

Verbeke and I were ordered to pay heavy court costs, and the sale of our book was banned in the Netherlands on pain of a fine of 25,000 Dutch guilders per day per copy displayed in public.

Let us add, for the record, that the plaintiffs had the long arm of the law on their side. From Amsterdam, they had gotten the French police to call on me at home in Vichy, had me summoned to the station for questioning, and had bailiffs drop by bearing court orders and formal demands. The French justice

ministry's *Service civil de l'entraide judiciaire internationale*, with the French taxpayer footing the bill, worked very well in tandem with the Dutch police.

A Field of Research for Computer Specialists

In 1978 I was not able to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the computer. With pen in hand, I sedulously studied the Anne Frank diary, searching for certain words that, at times, were far removed from one another, "cutting and pasting" them with scissors and glue, and counting them on my fingers. As a result, there occurred errors of detail on my part that I have sometimes managed to correct. I am aware of the imperfection of the final result as it stands today. It is my hope that, in the future, researchers who are adept with computers will take up my analysis and revise it on those points.

The four editions of the Netherlands Institute (RIOD) diary – one each in Dutch, German, French and English – open up a superb field of research for such people. Working from the old versions in Dutch, German (two German versions!) and French, I was able to demonstrate the existence, as it were, of different Anne Franks, irreconcilable with one another, as well as the existence of contradictory accounts. Today, with the more recent versions from the Netherlands Institute and Mirjam Pressler, persons skilled in the use of computers should find it possible to take apart, bit by bit – and better than I had done – this literary forgery.

For the same can be said of the "diary" of Anne Frank as of any imposture: the more someone strives to defend it, the more he provides, in spite of himself, arguments that discredit it. In other words, by shielding a lie, one becomes ensnared in one's own lies. To take but one example dear to revisionists, the fallacious character of Kurt Gerstein's so-called testimony is exposed just as well by analyzing a single version of it as by comparing it with other, contradictory versions.

But let us be practical: to begin at the beginning of this new job of analyzing the Anne Frank "diary," I suggest that a team of researchers with good

computer skills, all possessing a good knowledge of Dutch and German, undertake a comparative study of the following:

1. In Dutch, first the 1947 version (published by Otto Frank under the title *Het Achterhuis*), then the 1986 Netherlands Institute (RIOD) versions, and finally, Mirjam Pressler's 1991 edition.
2. The corresponding German versions, it being understood that, as I discovered in 1978, there appeared, after the version published in 1950 by Lambert Schneider, a slightly different one in 1955, published by Fischer Verlag.

At a later stage, it will still be permissible to carry out an analysis of the different French and English versions and then, to settle the matter for good, there can be a comparison of the ten or so Anne Franks who emerge from all the Dutch versions and various translations.

Only then, and regardless of what the profiteers who have exploited her memory for so long may have to say about it, will justice finally be done to the one, the genuine Anne Frank, who never wrote this "cock-and-bull story," first published in Dutch in 1947 and then published (in its US editions), in 1953 as *The Diary of a Young Girl*, re-christened, in 1986-1989, after renovation and makeshift repairs, *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition*, before ending up being called, in 1995 (for English readers), after much patching and façade work, *The Diary of a Young Girl: The Definitive Edition*, by "Anne Frank."

Post scriptum

On pages 94-96 of the US edition of the Netherlands Institute's "Critical Edition," David Barnouw proclaims that he has summarized what he is willing to call my analysis, but not without insinuating that I am a trickster.

Of all my material or physical arguments, he responds to only one, that of the loud noises made by those hiding in the "Annex." Then, of all the instances of noises I cite, he deals with only three. He claims that, in these three cases, I concealed the fact that Anne Frank specified that, because the

"enemies" were not nearby, there was no risk of the noises being heard. My reply is that perhaps the nearby "enemies" (for example, the two shop assistants) weren't there, but that the other "enemies," indefinite in number, could have heard those noises: that of the vacuum cleaner, every day at 12:30 p.m., as well as the "endless peals of laughter" or "a doomsday racket." Barnouw is much distressed at having to explain these noises and others, sometimes dreadfully loud, in a dwelling where the stillness of the grave should have prevailed. Additionally, he resorts to ruminations as diffuse as they are murky, to spare himself effort as well as to mislead. He writes:[18]

> *From the diary it appears that the inhabitants of the Annexe, too, had to brave many dangers, not least the chance that they might make too much noise and be overheard. Faurisson, however, did not examine the overall picture of life in hiding in any depth, or concern himself greatly in this context with the fact that the Frank family and their fellow fugitives were in the end arrested.*

Here Barnouw evinces a pathos that allows him to conclude shamelessly: "Given the above extract [of Faurisson's analysis of the question of noise], we have no need to subject all the examples mentioned by Faurisson to review." In my opinion, this last remark is proof that the Netherlands Institute authorities, by their own admission, have not wished to "submit to review" an essential part of my analysis, that which concerns the physical or material impossibilities of the account.

On another point Barnouw insinuates that I am dishonest. On page 261 of Serge Thion's book, I had mentioned my discovery, during my investigation into the circumstances of the arrest of the eight fugitives in Amsterdam on August 4, 1944, of an especially interesting witness. I wrote:

> *This witness [in 1978] made us promise, myself and the person accompanying me, not to divulge her name. I gave her my word to keep it secret. I shall only half keep my promise. The importance of her testimony is such that it seems to me to be impossible to pass over it in silence. This witness's name and address, together with the name and address of the person accompanying me, are recorded [on a paper] in a*

> *sealed envelope contained in my "Appendix no. 2: Confidential" [for submission to the court in Hamburg].*

Barnouw begins by quoting these lines, but not without excising the sentence which revealed the reason for my discretion: the witness had made us promise – that was the word – not to name her. Then Barnouw adds deceitfully:

> *A photograph of this sealed envelope is printed as an appendix to Faurisson's "investigation," albeit only in the French version of 1980; the publisher of the Dutch version had the sense to leave out this piece of evidence.*

In other words, Barnouw suggests, I had fooled my readers, leading them to believe, by means of this alleged trick, that the envelope in reality contained no names. Barnouw suggests that this envelope, if it ever even existed, was empty. The truth is that I had indeed submitted to the court in Hamburg an envelope containing the names and addresses of the two persons in question. Today, 22 years later, I believe myself justified in divulging these names, which have long been known to the court: Mrs. Karl Silberbauer and Mr. Ernst Wilmersdorf, both of whom lived in Vienna.

On this occasion I will also reveal the names of three French academics of whom it is stated, on page 299 of the Thion book, *Vérité historique ou vérité politique?*, that they concurred with my findings on the alleged diary of Anne Frank. The first is Michel Le Guern, a professor of literature who at the time was lecturing at the University of Lyon-2 and who has recently published, in the prestigious "Bibliothèque de la Pléiade" series, a scholarly edition of Blaise Pascal's Pensées. It would be difficult to think of a more proficient authority on literary analysis.

The closing sentence of Le Guern's written testimony of 1978 reads as follows:

> *It is certain that the conventions of literary exchange authorize Mr. Frank, or anyone else, to put together as many fictitious personae of*

Anne Frank as he may wish, but on condition that he not identify any of these fictional beings as the real Anne Frank.

Two other academics were about to come to a similar conclusion when suddenly, in November 1978, the "affaire Faurisson" exploded in the press. They are Frédéric Deloffre and Jacques Rougeot, both professors at the University of Paris IV-Sorbonne.

Today these three men are all retired. That is why I have decided to reveal their names. I had not, in any case, given them any pledge of confidentiality.

Notes

[1] Serge Thion, *Vérité historique ou vérité politique?* (Paris: La Vieille Taupe, 1980), pp. 213-300. This essay, "Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?," was published in English in the Summer 1982 *Journal* (vol. 3, no. 2), pp. 147-209. See also: R. Faurisson, "Anne Frank's Handwriting," Spring 1989 *Journal* (vol. 9, no. 1), pp. 97-101; M. Weber, "Anne Frank," May-June 1995 *Journal* (vol. 15, no. 3), p. 31. In 1989, 1993 and 1995, respectively, I wrote three items dealing with a work that claimed to disprove my findings. These three items may be found in my *Ecrits révisionnistes 1974-1998*, a four-volume collection of my revisionist writings, privately published by me in 1999 for restricted distribution: pp. 856-859, 1551-1552, 1655-1656.

[2] Interview in Regards, weekly of the Centre communautaire juif of Brussels, November 7, 1980, p. 11. Among his many publications, Pierre Vidal-Naquet is author of the anti-revisionist book *Assassins of Memory: Essays on the Denial of the Holocaust*, which is reviewed by M. Weber in the Nov.-Dec. 1993 Journal, pp. 36-39.

[3] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (New York: Doubleday, 1989). David Barnouw and Gerrold van der Stroom, eds. "Prepared by the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation."

[4] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (New York: 1989), cited above, p. 166 ("Afterword"). The German and French editions were published in 1988 and 1989 respectively. I have in my possession these four bulky volumes, that is, the Dutch original and the three translations. Comparisons between them reveal some odd differences.

[5] These can be seen in *The Journal of Historical Review*, along with articles by Faurisson: Summer 1982 Journal, p. 209, and Spring 1989 Journal, pp. 99-100.

[6] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 63-64.

[7] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 95-96.

[8] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 30-31. This agency is not to be confused with the "Supervisory Board for Political Offenders," mentioned on p. 34.

[9] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, p. 4.

[10] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 15, 55-56.

[11] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 88-90.

[12] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, p. 19, n. 41.

[13] *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 36-45.

[14] Of the various language editions of the "critical edition," there is a partial plan of the "Annex" house only in the English-language edition. See: *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, p. 213. This plan is only for three floors, whereas the house actually had five (as I have shown in the photographs I published, for example, in S. Thion's book, *Vérité historique ou vérité politique?*).

[15] Anne Frank, *The Diary of a Young Girl: The Definitive Edition* (New York: Doubleday, 1995.) "Edited by Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Pressler." Translated by Susan Massotty.

[16] *Prospect*, August-September 1997, p. 75. Prospect is aimed at an intellectual and academic readership.

[17] See "A Belgian Foundation Battles for Free Speech," Jan.-Feb. 1996 Journal, p. 46.

[18] This and the following quotes or citations in this "Post scriptum" section are from *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* (1989), cited above, pp. 94-96.

"O what fine thought we had because we thought
That the worst rogues and rascals had died out."

—W. B. Yeats, "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen"

Robert Faurisson

Prof. Dr. Robert Faurisson (born Jan. 25, 1929, Shepperton, UK; died Oct. 21, 2018, Vichy, France) was a British-French expert for litertature, text, document and witness critique. He received his PhD in letters and the humanities in 1972 from the Sorbonne, where he also taught from 1969 to 1974. From 1974 until 1990, Faurisson was a professor of French literature at the University of Lyon II. He is a recognized specialist of text and document analysis, and is the author of four books on French literature. After years of private research and study, Dr. Faurisson first made public his skeptical views about the Holocaust extermination

The Faurisson Affair

A Review

By Arthur R. Butz · December 1, 1980

Last updated on

In October 1978 *l'Express*, a French weekly comparable to Newsweek, published an interview with Louis Darquier de Pellepoix, who had been commissioner for Jewish affairs in the Vichy Government during the German occupation, and who has lived in Spain since the war. Darquier's generally unrepentant attitude, plus his claim that the only creatures gassed at Auschwitz had been lice, set off an uproar with two foci, first, the allegedly outrageous, irresponsible and perhaps even illegal character of the act of publishing such an interview and, second, the regrettable fact that Darquier's Spanish exile made it impossible to "get" him.

Under such circumstances it was inevitable that the fury of the professionally enlightened would turn on Dr. Robert Faurisson for it was known, although almost forgotten, that he held similar views on the "gas chambers" and he was, moreover, situated on French soil and possibly "gettable." Thus against a background of shrieking publicists, a mob of thugs, mostly Jews posing as students, descended on the University of Lyon-2, where Faurisson is Associate Professor of French Literature (with a specialty in criticism of texts and documents), and on account of its disorders the University suspended Faurisson from his teaching duties.

The campaign against Faurisson was not however without its. positive aspects for as a result of all the public attention paid to his allegedly wicked

views, *Le Monde*, the French equivalent of the *NY Times*, felt itself obliged – much against its wishes – to give Faurisson a bit of space in which to express his views. Although it gave the other side much more space, an important barrier had been broken and it appears to this reviewer that the France-based defenders of the received "extermination" legend have not bothered to try to conceal

their panic. This is shown not only by the explicit expressions of panic in, e.g., the periodical *Le Monde Juif*, but also in the fact that they, acting through their "LICA" (League Against Racism and Anti-Semitism), brought suit against Faurisson for "damages" on account of "falsification of history, " a litigation that is still active at this writing.

Faurisson's relations with his University have also not yet been satisfactorily resolved. Although he still formally holds his position there, since Fall 1979 he has in fact been assigned to a correspondence school in Paris for duties clearly beneath his qualifications.

Serge Thion's book consists principally of a thorough exposition of this affair, but we are also treated to some discussion of earlier public controversies that surrounded Faurisson, of which the earliest did not concern Jews or World War II at all. It was in 1961 that he published his booklet *A-t-on lu Rimbaud?* (*Has anybody **read** Rimbaud?*) The booklet demonstrated erotic interpretations, where none had been seen before, of the French poet's "Voyelles." The ensuing controversy was carried out in the major French literary periodicals. A measure of the reception given to Faurisson's thesis can be gained from the fact that as a consequence the major French publisher Hachette deleted "Voyelles" from its school textbook line. The booklet was reissued in 1962 and 1971, with the addition of a summary of reactions to the original booklet. In 1972 Faurisson published a long book presenting novel interpretations of Lautr6amont, entitled *At-on lu Lautréamont?* Nothing in all of this prefigured his later public involvement with the "Holocaust," but in retrospect a certain common ground is clear, for the Holocaust literature merely has to be read, rather than gazed at in a semi-stupor, in order to be exposed for what it is. Faurisson could have, but

unfortunately has not, entitled part of the book under review as *A-t-on lu "le journal d'Anne Frank"?*

Although Faurisson had maintained an interest in the "Holocaust" subject ever since reading Rassinier around 1960, his public role as a Revisionist commenced only in 1974. In April he sent letters to several dozen known "historians and specialists," in each case asking "do the Hitlerian gas chambers seem to you to have been a myth or a reality?" and briefly giving reasons for legitimate doubts regarding their reality. It was not known to Faurisson at the time that one of the addressees, Dr. Kubovy, Director of the Jewish Documentation Center in Tel-Aviv, was deceased. However the letter to Kubovy reached an Israeli newspaper, which commented on it, was then picked up by a Jewish weekly in France, and agitated some faculty members at the Censier branch of the Sorbonne (where Faurisson was then teaching) to the extent that they took it up with the University President, who then took the matter to the University Senate, which declared as a consequence that

> *The President has been confronted, by colleagues, with the appearance in the weekly* Tribune juive *of an article signed by Mr. Faurisson, which contains inadmissible doubts concerning the existence of the Nazi concentration camps. Now this article was written on the letterhead of our University (Censier branch). As a consequence the President requests that the Senate invite him to address, in its name, a total disavowal of the allegations of our colleague to the newspaper in question. The Senate approves this undertaking unanimously.*

This reaction of a supposedly responsible University Senate was a harbinger of the controversies to come. A letter by Faurisson, not intended for publication, and reported second hand, became "an article signed by Mr. Faurisson." Mere questions concerning the existence of the gas chambers became a denial ("doubts," then "allegations") of the existence of the camps. People who had never investigated the subject declared Faurisson's doubts "inadmissible." Faurisson was not invited to present any defense in the course of the Senate's deliberations. The stupidity (to employ the most charitable description) involved was even exceeded two years later by the

President of the University of Lyon-2 who, to Faurisson's request for an explanation why promotion was being denied to him, replied that Faurisson, "by his own admission," had never published anything in his life! Since Faurisson's writings on Rimbaud had rocked the French literary establishment, any person with a healthy desire to savor the intellectually outlandish would be most eager to learn the nature of the evidence that led the President to such a bizarre declaration. It was this. Reacting to claims that he was a "Nazi," Faurisson had on 12 December 1975 addressed a letter to the President pointing out inter alia that he had never published anything that could support such a classification. By lifting this remark out of context, the "evidence" of Faurisson's barren intellectual output was produced!

The second furor over Faurisson as Revisionist came in the Fall of 1978 in the circumstances already mentioned. It attained a critical point with the appearance in *Le Monde* (29 December 1978) of a short article by him. The significance of this development may be appreciated if it is noted that, although *Le Monde* had on 17-18 July 1977 published a long attack on the Harwood booklet, and although all canons of journalistic ethics decreed that *Le Monde* must therefore open its columns to controversy on the subject, Faurisson's repeated efforts to get into print there were frustrated. I also wrote a letter to *Le Monde* when I was in Paris in late July 1977; it was not published.

To appreciate some developments of early 1979 it is necessary to go back in time somewhat to a seemingly irrelevant episode. In May 1968 Paris was the scene of uproarious "student" demonstrations that achieved worldwide publicity. The specific issues involved are of no interest here. Suffice it to say that the demonstrators' cause, in the context of the time, was of a "leftist" nature and that the issues were substantial enough to arouse much controversy and division into various camps. As intellectuals, especially the leftist type, are often wont to hang around bookshops where people of compatible inclinations are apt to be found, there existed a group associated with the bookshop La Vieille Taupe (The Old Mole); it is referred to here as the "Guillaume group," after Pierre Guillaume, the proprietor of the bookshop. The group first became prominent for its support of the demonstrators, and includes Serge Thion, author of the volume under

review, and Jean-Gabriel Cohn-Bendit, brother of "Danny-the-Red," the leader of the demonstrations.

The Guillaume group maintained both its cohesion and its prominence in the years after 1968. The members published frequent articles in the daily newspaper *Libération*, and La Vieille Taupe has evolved into a publishing house.

Unknown to Faurisson, Pierre Guillaume had also, on account of reading Rassinier, maintained an interest in the "Holocaust" legend. Hence when the controversy arose in late 1978, with-Faurisson an obvious victim of hysteria, the Guillaume group had good reasons to support him. However the ground was quite strange for the members of the group, and more often associated with the Right than with the Left. On the other hand they knew Faurisson by reputation as a man of benevolent character and keen intellect, whose views could not be trifled with.

The key development in shattering any remaining reticence of the Guillaume group seems to have been a two page piece of foolishness that appeared in *Le Monde* on 21 February 1979, an article affirming the extermination legend, signed by 34 historians.

Now, there are certainly circumstances where it is appropriate that a great number of people sign some public statement. An example is the short statement (reproduced in Thion's book), in support of Faurisson's right to research the legend and condemning the campaign against him, that was signed by a great diversity of people, including the anti-Zionist author Alfred Lilienthal, the MIT linguist Noam Chomsky, the Melbourne civil liberties lawyer John Bennett, and myself. In such an instance significance is to be found not primarily in the text involved, but in the number and stature of the people who subscribe to it. However a lengthy purported historical argumentation, whose text is represented as conveying enlightenment on some subject, is something else; it should not require the signatures of any but those who wrote it. One wonders why 34 signers were provided for the *Le Monde* article. I can offer only one hypothesis for the logic involved, best expressed by simile: if it is found that one broadsword is not adequate to

eliminate the annoying fly that has gotten into the room, then perhaps 34 broadswords will do the job.

If the 34 signers had caused the discerning reader to anticipate stupidity in the text, the expectation was confirmed. With all the enlightening effect of Pope Pius IX announcing the Syllabus of Errors, the 34 historians announced that

> *It is not necessary to wonder how, technically, such mass murder was possible. It was technically possible because it took place. That is the compulsory poirit of departure for all historical inquiry on this subject. It is fitting for us to simply repeat this truth; there is not and cannot be any debate on the existence of the gas chambers.*

Such blazing stupidity (denounced as "absurd logic" by Cohn-Bendit) was probably, for the Guillaume group, a final conviction of the import of Faurisson's position. Guillaume appeared with Faurisson on Italian language Swiss TV, and La Vieille Taupe issued new editions of Rassinier's *Le Mensonge d'Ulysse* and *Ulysse Trahi par les Siens*; both had last been issued in 1961 by a different publisher.

There followed the volume under review, of which half consists of Thion's summary of the controversies that have surrounded Faurisson, with an emphasis on the major one that started in late 1978. The second half consists of contributions by Faurisson, of which the most interesting is his study of the *Diary of Anne Frank*.

A few words outlining the received Anne Frank legend are in order. She was born to a family of German Jews on 12 June 1929. In 1933 the family moved to the Netherlands and Otto Frank, Anne's father, took a business position in Amsterdam. The Germans occupied the Netherlands in 1940. Early in 1941 Otto Frank allegedly started to move the family belongings, piece by piece, to a location not disclosed to the rest of the family, although they were informed that the process was for the purpose of enabling them to "disappear" at the right time. The disappearance supposedly took place on 9 July 1942.

The hiding place is said to have been the Amsterdam building (263 Prinsengracht) in which Otto Frank's business was quartered. On the first or ground floor there was a combination store-warehouse. On what we would call the second floor there were offices, used by business associates of Frank who were privy to his project. The hiding place consisted of the rear portions of the third and fourth floors; access to the hiding place was through a door, disguised as a cupboard, on the third floor. Here the Franks allegedly lived for over two years, with supplies being brought by trusted friends. Anne had supposedly started keeping a diary about a month before the move to the hiding place, and continued to keep it after the move. On 4 August 1944, the hiding place having been discovered, the Franks were deported to concentration camps. The diary is said to have been overlooked by the police who searched the quarters and picked up later by friends. Anne is said to have died in the typhus epidemic that raged at Belsen shortly before the end of the war.

Otto Frank survived and returned to Amsterdam via Odessa and Marseilles. The *Diary* was allegedly returned to him by the friends, and was published in Dutch in 1947. Translations soon followed; an English translation was published in 1952.

It is important to understand what is, and what is not, contested in the Anne Frank legend. That Jews were being deported from the Netherlands, and consequently had a motivation for eluding the Germans, is not contested. Faurisson states his impressions:

> *... this Anne Frank really existed; she was a small young girl without great character, without strong personality, without scholarly precocity (even the contrary), and nobody suspected her of writing talent; this unfortunate child knew the horrors of war; she was arrested by the Germans ... ; her mother died in the Birkenau infirmary on 6 January 1945; her sister and she were, around October 1944, transferred to the Bergen-Belsen camp; Margot died of typhus; then Anne, in turn, alone in the world, also died of typhus, in March 1945.*
>
> *...the Franks and, perhaps, other Jews effectively lived in the rear of 263 Prinsengracht. But they lived there quite differently than the Diary*

relates. For example, without doubt they lived a discreet life, but not as in a prison. They were able to live there like many other Jews who sought cover either in the city or in the country. They sought to achieve "cover without being covert." Their venture was woefully commonplace.

... truth obliges me to declare that the Diary of Anne Frank is but a simple literary hoax.

What are contested, therefore, are both the authenticity of the *Diary* and the authenticity of the life alleged for the two years in question. The "extermination" and "gas chamber" legends are not involved in any direct sense; such involvement is at best indirect in that the continued credence in the *Diary* depends on the same political and social factors which support the extermination legend.

It is useful to remark here that the widely circulated claim, that Meyer Levin authored the *Diary*, is false and based on misinterpretation of the fact that Levin was involved in propagating the Anne Frank legend in the English language, particularly in adaptation for the stage, and sued Otto Frank in this connection. However Levin never claimed to have anything to do with the original Dutch publication and it is virtually certain that he did not.

Readers interested in the *Diary* are probably already aware of Ditlieb Felderer's *Anne Frank's Diary: a Hoax* (IHR, 1980), and perhaps have already learned that the West German Bundeskriminalamt, having been permitted by Otto Frank a brief examination, under significant handicaps, of the supposed original manuscript, in 1980 in the town hall of a Swiss village, reported back to the relevant West German court inter alia that certain supposedly original notations were made with a ball point pen that was not on the market until 1951.

The 1951 date does not rule out publication in Dutch in 1947 for, as Faurisson notes, the texts of the various translations do not agree with each other and with the original anyway. Faurisson's study is roughly divisible into five phases: the internal criticism of the *Diary*, inspection of the Amsterdam building involved, interview with Otto Frank, examination of related literature, and interviews with related people. Of these five the first will

probably interest the typically situated reader most, because the points involved can be easily confirmed. The emphasis in Faurisson's internal criticism is on the clear impossibility of maintaining the secrecy of the hiding place under the conditions described. According to the *Diary* many people not privy to the secret, and who cannot be trusted, enter the building continually. These include the charwoman, the men working in the storewarehouse on the ground floor, and visitors to the offices directly below the living quarters. The people in adjoining and neighboring buildings are likewise not to be trusted. Consequently the clandestines must take codeine tablets to avoid coughing, "have to whisper on ordinary days," and must avoid using the toilet when visitors are downstairs. That such a game could be played successfully for two years is incredible and at certain points the *Diary* gives details that make the whole thing preposterous, since we also learn e.g. that the vacuum cleaner was used in the middle of the day without objections from the other clandestines, and that "the radio ... goes on early in the morning and is listened to at all hours of the day, until nine, ten, and often eleven o'clock in the evening." we are also told that ownership of the building changed in February 1943, but that the new owner was **permanently** diverted from inspection of the living quarters, by one of Otto Frank's business associates, on the plea that the latter had forgotten the key!

Like an historical Sherlock Holmes asking the unexpected simple questions, Faurisson immerses himself and the reader in all this and lays bare the squalid hoax ("supercherie"). The Franks are presented as installing makeshift curtains shortly after arrival, so that the neighbors do not "see something going on." Faurisson asks, "Now, is not the installation of curtains, in windows which did not have any until then, the best way of signalling one's arrival? Is this not particularly the case if these curtains are made up of **different** pieces?" More basically, "If one has an entire year to choose a hiding place., does one choose his **office**? Does one take his family there? And a **colleague**? And this colleague's family? Does one choose thus a place full of 'enemies' where the police and the Germans would come automatically to look for you if they find you no longer at home?"

The Institute for Historical Review is to be thanked for its soon to be released English translation of Faurisson's "Anne Frank" analysis. I should like

to make a couple of recommendations to those who intend to read it. The analysis is presented on the assumption that the reader has read the *Diary*; a good part would be incomprehensible to those who have not.

The *Diary* should be read beforehand and in the course of the reading that which I consider the most obvious point of incredibility should be noted. Whoever wrote it had, and also intended it for the postwar reader with, a basically political and historical interest in what happened to the Jews. The Diary is not a diary, and it is not the work of a fourteen year old girl. Only the fact that strong evidence of this appears on virtually every page makes it difficult to select specific illustrations. In the entry for 9 July 1942, we read a very detailed description of the four story building involved. The description is supplemented by, and makes frequent reference to, a rather professionally drawn floor plan that is identical in various translations; I would consider the inclusion of the floor plan in a diary incredible even if it were the sort of thing a young girl might have drawn. More conclusively, the entries for the days **prior** to the family's supposed move to a hiding place, at a time when a thirteen year old girl could not possibly have had any inkling of experiences worth recording for posterity, are clearly written for the postwar book reader, e.g. the entry for 20 June 1942 presents a short history of the Frank family and a short summary of the anti-Jewish measures that followed the German occupation of the Netherlands.

There are a number of other Faurisson contributions to this volume. There is the corrected and annotated French translation of the Faurisson interview that appeared in the August 1979 issue of the important Italian monthly *Storia Illustrata*; this will soon be issued in English translation by the IHR. There are some highly interesting photos, relating to "gas chambers," that Faurisson acquired in visits to Auschwitz, as well as a short treatment of the gas chamber of the penitentiary in Baltimore, which makes clear that the gassing of only one person, not to mention the legend's hordes of thousands at a time, is a technically intricate process that cannot be effectively and insouciantly handled with improvisations involving commonplace resources intended and designed for other purposes. There are also short looks at miscellaneous other matters.

I shall close on the subject of "how many?" Faurisson (p197) is in accord with me (*Hoax*, pp237,239) in declaring that the number of Jews who perished

> *could be of the order of a million but, more likely, several hundred thousands if one does not count combattant Jews in Allied military uniforms. I insist on the fact that on my part this is a matter of an estimate lacking a properly scientific character ...*

However he further states, after some intervening remarks that should have been more extended and more lucid,

> *that, if computers are used here, one could without doubt quickly know the real number of deaths. The deportees were recorded in numerous connections. They left numerous traces.*

Faurisson gives the impression that he believes that an accurate estimate, of the number of civilian Jews who perished, is practically achievable; this impression is reinforced by material appearing on pp324f.

Since I am not in accord with such a view, I discussed this matter with Faurisson and learned that he had not been sufficiently clear on this point. What he means is that it would be possible to make an estimate for a restricted class, namely, those Jews who were noted, in written German records, as having died. This class excludes many Jewish deaths that should be considered relevant, e.g. deaths from epidemics in ghettos or occasional pogroms, particularly in the East during the period of German retreats.

Many of the demographic questions we would like to answer are not answerable in the forseeable future, even with the aid of computers. There is a saying among computer users: "garbage in, garbage out." What it means for the sorts of demographic problems of interest here is that, without a data base of adequate scope, accuracy and structure, no useful results can be obtained from a computer, regardless of the sophistication of the analytical and statistical methods employed. I have discussed the principal difficulties in obtaining an adequate data base (*Hoax*, pp13-17, 222-240). There is little that could be usefully added here except perhaps an indication of how futile even some sophistication, substantially funded, could be. A study of available records may, for example, show that it would not be

prohibitively difficult to determine how many Goldsteins and Kaplans there have been in the U.S.A. at various times. These are distinctly East European Jewish names. It may also be found possible to determine the frequency of occurrence of such names among pre-war East European Jews. Perhaps some more analysis would seem to indicate a method of determining numbers of East European Jews who immigrated to the U.S. at various periods, but the whole project would be rendered futile, especially for the postwar period of central interest, by two considerations. First, Jews have always been frequent name changers; this frequency was greatly amplified in the postwar period. Second, a great deal of this name changing was not done formally in the U.S. courts, but informally and even illegally prior to the formal involvement with the U.S.A. For example we know that a great many Jews were given quite irregular and illegal South American passports, with the very active encouragement of the U.S. Government and other agencies that were attempting to help Jews during the war. This does not exhaust the irregularities that Jews resorted to in this period. The consequences are unmanageable demographic problems.

Arthur R. Butz

Dr. Arthur R. Butz was born in 1933 and raised in New York City. He received his Bachelor of Science and Master of Science degrees in Electrical Engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1965 he received his doctorate in Control Sciences from the University of Minnesota. In 1966 he joined the faculty of Northwestern University (Evanston, Illinois), where he is still Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering and Computer Sciences (at age 90 in 2024!). Dr. Butz is the author of numerous technical papers. From 1980 until its termination in 2002, he was a member of the Editorial Advisory Committee of *The Journal of Historical Review*.

Dr. Butz is the author of *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century: The Case against the Presumed Extermination of European Jewry*, first published

The Faurisson Affair – II

A Review

By Arthur R. Butz · October 1, 1982

Last updated on

Mémoire en Défense, by Robert Faurisson, 275 pp, Preface by Noam. Chomsky, La Vieille Taupe; B.P. 9805; 75224 Paris Cedex 05, 1980,FF65.

Intolerable Intolerance, by Jean-Gabriel Cohn-Bendit, Eric Delcroix, Claude Karnoouh, Vincent Monteff, and Jean-Louis Tristani, 206 pp, Editions de la Différence, Paris, 1981, FF42.

This review of the two cited books is a continuation of my account of Robert Faurisson's struggles in France; it is assumed that the reader is acquainted with my review (in vol. 1, no. 4 of this journal) of Serge Thion's *Vérité Historique ou Vérite Politique?*

When I was writing the *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* I encountered the name of a certain Dr. Kremer, a German physician who had been posted to the Auschwitz concentration camp in the summer and fall of 1942, and who had made certain entries in his diary that put Auschwitz in a terrible, even horrible light, e.g. “we are at anus mundi.” A limited examination of the Kremer matter indicated to me that what he was implicitly referring to, assuming the diary authentic, was the typhus epidemic that devastated the camp at that time (*Hoax*, 58, 125ff). Moreover the leading bearers of the

"extermination" legend had not attributed great significance to this diary, so I paid little more attention to Dr. Kremer (this Johann Paul Kremer must not be confused with the Tibère Kremer associated with the Nyiszli book).

When the Faurisson affair erupted in the pages of *Le Monde* in late 1978, therefore, I was surprised to see the opposition, principally Georges Wellers of the Center for Contemporary Jewish Documentation in Paris, emphasize in its arguments the supposed implications of the Kremer diary. Some reflection revealed the reasons for this emphasis.

Above all, one must recognize the peculiar status of any true diary as an historical source. It is not written for publication, or even for the eyes of any but the author and perhaps (as is sometimes the case with prominent people involved in events known to be the objects of future scrutiny) a not unfriendly student who has taken the trouble to acquaint himself, as far as possible, with the context in which the diary entries were made. Consequently, diaries are particularly likely sources of sentences lifted out of context if they become involved in heated public controversy. For one thing, such lifting out of context may easily be quite innocent, for the reason that the participants in the controversy are removed from the circumstances in which the diary was authored. What is worse, the observers of the controversy are remote not only from the circumstances of the diary, but typically from the diary itself. Such facts make it especially difficult to set aright, in a manner convincing to the observers, the contextual meanings of disputed passages.

For such reasons Wellers was able to make a certain impact with his comments on the Kremer diary (*Le Monde*, 29 December 1978), while Faurisson, when given an amount of space in *Le Monde* (16 January 1979) typical of an article in a daily newspaper, could not under the circumstances give the diary the exposition that the controversy required.

It is well worth mentioning that Faurisson is a professional and specialist precisely in a discipline most relevant to such tasks; his field is "criticism of texts and documents." Among all those whose views have been prominently

aired on any side in the "Holocaust" controversy, Faurisson is to my knowledge the only such specialist.

The reader should not assume that the Weller's misquotes from the Kremer diary were "innocent." We read in his cited article the following alleged quotation from the Kremer diary:

> *This morning, at 3 o'clock, I attended a special action for the first time. Compared to that, Dante's Inferno seems a comedy. It is not without reason that Auschwitz is called an extermination camp.*

Among many other things Faurisson had to point out that Wellers had deleted the word "outside" in what should have been "outside at 3'oclock," which would have made the action in question difficult to imagine as a gassing. In addition, there was a recoloring of meaning in the term "extermination camp," which gave the impression that Kremer had written "*Vernichtungslager*," a word which, contrary to the widely held view, did not exist among the Germans during World War II. What Kremer wrote was "*das Lager der Vernichtung*," i.e. the camp of the annihilation, a term that takes on a clear significance only when the diary is understood in context.

Despite the points that Faurisson scored, there were puzzles outstanding in connection with the diary. When Faurisson's litigations arose in 1979, the diary became a point of contention. No longer subject to *Le Monde's* space constraints, Faurisson drew up his superb analysis of the Kremer diary, for use in court, and this analysis constitutes the principal component of *Mémoire en Défense* (in legal context, "*mémoire*" is close in meaning to our "brief"). After many pages of analysis of the diary (which says nothing of gassings) Faurisson shows that the horrors Kremer was referring to were indeed essentially those produced by the typhus epidemic, and that if there had been gassings then Kremer would have explicitly written so in the diary, as Kremer was sufficiently sure of privacy to commit several anti-Nazi remarks to his diary (that Kremer testified in support of the propagandists' interpretation of his own diary, before a postwar German court committed *a priori* to that interpretation, scarcely requires explanation here).

Faurisson turns in his usual concise but thorough performance in this book and the only comment I might make on it, that may seem negative, is that the matters treated are nearly the ultimate in esoterica and are likely to interest only active investigators in this historical area (apart from those of Faurisson's enemies who sniff all over his writings looking for things that might be somehow used against him).

The extraordinarily intense nature of Faurisson's contributions to this volume stand in contrast to the routine, indeed "banal," nature of the preface. However, since this preface was authored by Noam Chomsky, the famous M.I.T. linguist, it was the feature that brought even international publicity to the book (e.g. *N.Y. Times*, 1 January 1981).

It will be recalled that in 1979 Chomsky signed a petition in support of Faurisson's right to research the "Holocaust" subject and to publish his conclusions (the statement is reproduced in Thion's book).

In the U.S. journal *Nation* (28 February 1981) Chomsky explained the circumstances which led to the appearance of his preface in the book. Thion had later asked Chomsky to make a more elaborate statement in support of Faurisson's rights as a scholar. Chomsky complied, telling Thion "to use it as he wished." Thion chose to offer it to Pierre Guillaume, Faurisson's publisher, for inclusion in the book. Chomsky was later persuaded by a French correspondent that "in France ... (Chomsky's) defense of Faurisson's right to express his views would be interpreted as support for them," and so he attempted to stop the appearance of his statement in the book, but it was too late.

The gist of Chomsky's preface is that the right of free expression should not be limited to those ideas of which one approves and, of course, it is precisely in the defense of the right to express socially unpopular ideas that any principle of free expression draws its vitality. It is not unusual for professors to expound thus; they do so very often. What is unusual is that a professor, and a very prominent one at that, should feel obliged to direct such remarks to "intellectuals" rather than college freshmen. Chomsky saw the irony of the situation at the very outset of his essay by declaring that the "remarks that

follow are so banal that I think I must ask reasonable people ... to excuse me."

The Chomsky preface is almost entirely focused on the issues of academic freedom and civil liberties that are involved in the Faurisson affair. He strays slightly away from such concerns in expressing his opinion that Faurisson is a "relatively apolitical liberal," but nowhere does he endorse any of Faurisson's theses pertaining to "exterminations" and "gas chambers." In the ensuing controversy Chomsky went further and vigorously subscribed to the received "Holocaust" legend. For example, he had lively and even acrimonious encounters with Gitta Sereny in the British *New Statesman* (17 July, 14 August & 11 September 1981) and with W.D. Rubinstein in the Australian *Quadrant* (October 1981 & April 1982).

Sereny and Rubinstein, whatever their protests to the contrary, placed themselves squarely on the sides of both officially enforced censorship and informally enforced ignorance (in 1979 Rubinstein was writing letters to Australian libraries urging them not to make my book available). Chomsky, by contrast, placed himself almost as squarely on the side of the "free market in ideas." I am not forgetting that when I remark, as I must, that Sereny and Rubinstein, despite the poverty of their thought and the hypocrisy of their arguments, scored some points in these encounters that should be noted. For one thing, Chomsky's last minute attempt to withdraw the permission he had given Thion leaves a bad taste. He is not ten years old. As Sereny remarked, "Surely Mr. Chomsky is not telling us that when he ... consented to write this opinion ... that it didn't occur to him that Serge Thion – who has written a whole book upholding Faurisson's arguments, published by Pierre Guillaume – would use a document of such publicity value for M. Faurisson's benefit?"

For another and far more serious thing Rubinstein, following Nadine Fresco (*Dissent*, Fall 1981), takes Chomsky to task for the apparent contradiction between his libertarian position regarding Faurisson and his decade earlier (*Social Policy*, May/June 1972) position regarding Harvard psychologist Richard Herrnstein's article "I.Q." (*Atlantic*, September 1971). In the latter part

of an otherwise carefully reasoned critique of Herrnstein, Chomsky lost his bearings, if not his marbles:

> *... the question of the validity and scientific status of a particular point of view is, of course, logically independent from the question of its social function; each is a legitimate topic of inquiry, and the latter becomes of particular interest when the point of view in question is revealed to be seriously deficient on empirical or logical grounds.*
>
> *... (The scientist) is responsible for the effects of what he does, insofar as they can be clearly foreseen. If the likely consequences of his "scientific work" (can be used as a justification for class and caste hierarchies), he has the responsibility to take this likelihood into account. This would be true even if the work had real scientific merit – more so, in fact, in this case.*
>
> *Similarly imagine a psychologist in Hitler's Germany who thought he could show that Jews had a genetically determined tendency toward usury ... or a drive toward antisocial conspiracy and domination, and so on. If he were criticized for even undertaking these studies, could he merely respond that "a neutral commentator ... would have to say that the case is simply not settled" and that the "fundamental issue" is "whether inquiry shall (again) be shut off because someone thinks society is best left in ignorance?" I think not. Rather I think that such a response would have been met with justifiable contempt. At best he could claim that he is faced with a conflict of values. On the one hand, there is the alleged scientific importance of determining whether, in fact, Jews have a genetically determined tendency toward usury and domination (as might conceivably be the case). On the other, there is the likelihood that even opening this question and regarding it as a subject for scientific inquiry would provide ammunition for Goebbels and Rosenberg and their henchmen. Were this hypothetical psychologist to disregard the likely social consequences of his research (or even his undertaking of research) under existing social conditions, he would fully deserve the contempt of decent people. Of course, scientific curiosity*

should be encouraged (though fallacious argument and investigation of silly questions should not), but it is not an absolute value.

Chomsky is not specific either on the method by which his hypothetical scientists can "take ... into account" the social consequences of their work or on what should happen to them if they don't, apart from his vague reference to "contempt." After a reasonably close examination of his article I can think of no other method to accomplish the former, in a manner seemingly acceptable to Chomsky, but to not publish the work, "even if the work had real scientific merit." As for the latter, it is difficult to believe that as a practical matter the penalty for the unwelcome "curiosity" would stop at "contempt" if Chomsky's principle is accepted. If Chomsky rejects such interpretations of his writings, he nevertheless must take responsibility for advancing a theory which would naturally be understood thus. As proof witness Rubinstein, who wants to hold Chomsky to such interpretations regarding Faurisson, on the grounds that Faurisson's theories have, to Rubinstein's mind, socially undesirable implications.

It should not be necessary to take the space here to describe the shambles, or perhaps madhouse, that scholarship becomes if the scholar must answer to influential colleagues regarding the supposed "social function" of his conclusions or even questions. I suspect that Chomsky, especially in the aftermath of his involvement in the Faurisson affair, would mitigate or, better, repudiate his earlier position. Among the many points that could be made to Chomsky is one that he, with his respect for strict logic, would have to concede. Namely, the statement that certain investigations should not be undertaken because they might benefit the racists (or communists, or Republicans, or vegetarians), is itself a statement that could be used for the benefit of racists (or communists, Republicans, or vegetarians). It can even be used rather more effectively, for propaganda purposes, than "work ... of real scientific merit," since it relieves the racist (communist, Republican, vegetarian) of the need to prove anything, when he can validly argue that the scientists are intentionally stacking the deck against his side.

It was earlier noted that Faurisson has had a group of French supporters, more or less leftist, almost from the beginning of his "affair." Some of them

wrote articles attempting to explain the nature and degree of their support, and what further thoughts have come to them as a result. All of course support his right to research the subject and publish his revisionist conclusions, but all also state concurrence with his theses only to degrees. These articles were put together by Pierre Guillaume, not in his capacity as owner of the publishing house La Vieille Taupe, but as editor of the series "Le Puits et le Pendule" (whose members have been published both by Editions de la Différence and by the larger house J.E. Hallier/Albin Michel), and published as a book under the title *Intolérable Intolérance*.

Readers acquainted with recent history and controversies will, with only one exception, find that these essays deal with generally familiar matters. The exception is the contribution of lawyer Eric Delcroix, which requires some acquaintance with the French legal system.

Cohn-Bendit, self described "Jew of the extreme left," seems most astonished at his present position, as he used to use, against the revisionists, "all the responses that are made to (him) today." Worse, today he is strange bedfellow to "people of the right, even fascist types ... and this situation is to (him) *insupportable*." However he holds up under the pressure – and realizes past sins: "I helped myself to democratic principles for my right of expression and found all sorts of good arguments to justify the prohibition of other ideas." In the Faurisson affair he has seen particularly impressive demonstrations of the fact that formal prohibition is not the only form of effective censorship, and that there is also the form that buries issues by declining to meet them directly and instead attacks the supposed motivations and consequences associated with a given thesis. Despite all this, he still considers himself "a convinced '*exterminationist*'," but not a believer in the gas chambers; he compares Hitler's anti-Jewish policy to past Indian policies in the U.S.A., Armenian policies in Turkey, and Tatar policies of Stalin.

I should remark, parenthetically, that the word "exterminationist" means, in this context, "one who believes in the extermination of the Jews at the hands of the Germans during WW II." Sometimes it more narrowly designates a

prominent promoter of the extermination legend, e.g. Hilberg, Dawidowicz, Wiesenthal, or Poliakov. It is a strange term, but it seems to have caught on.

Monteil's essay is a refutation of the judgment against Faurisson of 8 July 1981 (translations of passages from some of these judgments appeared in *Patterns of Prejudice*, October 1981). The court, after recognizing that it has "neither the quality nor the competence to judge history (and has) not been charged by law with a mission to decide how this or that episode of national or world history must be represented," proceeded to do just that, e.g. "Faurisson has fixed his attention, in an almost exclusive fashion, on one of the means of extermination of which the reality has been established since the end of WW II and the discovery of the concentration camp system." Monteil raises more or less routine points against such doublethink and then indicates imminent agreement with Faurisson:

> *Until 1978 I believed in the general existence (or pretty much so) of the gas chambers in the camps, while having reservations on the unverifiable and surely excessive number of Jewish victims of the "Holocaust". It suffices to cite my book (unlocatable, by reason of the obstruction of the "Hachette octopus" which "strangled" Guy Authier, my publisher) – Dossier secret sur Israel: le terrorisme (Paris, March 1978) – to see what my position was then. But since then I have read and met Robert Faurisson: his earnestness and his good faith have convinced me, even if certain judgments appear disputable to me, that it is justifiably urgent to discuss them calmly, in place of heaping onto an honest and courageous investigator the anathema reserved to heretics!*

Tristani, a social scientist at the Sorbonne, with degrees in theology and philosophy, finds a striking religious character in the whole affair. Such an idea should not be new to a student of this subject. Indeed, I have discussed (*Hoax*, 188f) the remarkable parallels between the "war crimes trials" and the witchcraft trials of centuries ago, and found those parallels far more convincing than parallels that could be drawn between the war crimes trials and earlier narrowly politically motivated trials. However Tristani's point of departure is different:

> *The Holocaust, which represents one of the most popular themes of contemporary Judaism, thus falls into a long tradition. It is bound up with what it would be necessary to call the "invention of Israel," of the Israel of today. The Hitlerian genocide perpetrated in the gas chambers, the Exodus and the creation of the Israeli state, do they not attain in effect the lofty meaning which the servitude in Egypt, the Exodus, and the installation in the Promised Land once had?*

Tristani finds fault with the revisionists for apparently ignoring such matters:

> *Would not the "frivolity" reproached to Faurisson consist rather in having underestimated the importance of this religious function which the accounts of the gas chambers and the genocide have acquired? Moreover the same question holds for Serge Thion because, from the anthropological point of view where it becomes indispensable to place oneself to understand this affair, the primary alternative is not between historical truth and political truth but between historical and religious truth.*

To this I must comment that such a criticism of Faurisson holds at best only in relation to his published writings. He and I have long been generally aware of the relationships that Tristani calls attention to. We discussed the matter at length in 1980 when he was in the U.S.A. His attitude on the subject was far from frivolous, as he saw this secularized religious hysteria as bringing the whole world down on him. I can say that my failure, and perhaps also Faurisson's failure, to expound publicly on such matters is based on certain personal limitations, self- or otherwise imposed, on the sorts of things considered manageable in terms of investigation and public discourse. I am happy to see that there are now authors, such as Tristani, who wish to tread this ground, as it is as interesting as it is treacherous, and I look forward to further developments.

The longest and, I would say, most representative essay in this book is Karnoouh's. Its major function is to interpret the "Holocaust" controversy from a point of view that is both leftist and friendly to Faurisson. Following the strange leftist practice of describing the millenial assertive, repressive and exploitive strivings of states as somehow partaking especially of the

spirit of the recent, short-lived and relatively benign (in comparison to its contemporaries) Mussolini movement, Karnoouh finds that

> *present day fascism has taken other faces, under the American tutelage; it has invaded the Third World (as witness) Somoza's Nicaragua, Stroesner's Paraguay, Argentina, Chile, El Salvador, Indonesia ... western Europe no longer needs concentration camps on its territories; it has displaced them elsewhere, where the reproduction of capital is facilitated with the aid of slave labor ... and Israel hardly deprives itself of this facility ...*

For Karnoouh Israel fits into such a world very comfortably since "Zionism is also a national and socialist European ideology", i.e. it was developed in Europe contemporaneously with the other nationalist, socialist and racist ideologies that we are acquainted with by direct experience, and it grew to political consequence in the same epoch. Thus

> *The slow and irresistible displacement of Israel towards the American camp is also quite comprehensible if account is taken of the power ... of the American Jewish community. And, without wishing to establish too simplistic a comparison, it is not insignificant (that) the Jewish state seems to play the role of custodian watching over the Mideast for the sake of American Imperialism.*

Now the visibility of such relationships could put Israel and the Diaspora Jews into a defensive position perilous enough to cause the latter to entertain serious questions on the wisdom of supporting the Zionist enterprise. In Karnoouh's view, the "Holocaust" provides the necessary binding:

> *... The nation-state has always had need of these simplified representations of history ... in order to turn popular and collective emotions to its profit.*
>
> *Only a religious or mythical version of the deportation and massacre of the Jews, the "Holocaust," can assume this role because it simplifies history and transforms the contradictions and quite complex political, ideological and economic conflicts into a Manichean saga which*

expresses the eternal struggle between Good and Evil, the "Goy" and the Jew, the German and the Jew, the Arab and the Jew.

This sort of formulation must be expected from a leftist source but, in any case, there is much truth in it. Among the many reservations I have, it is worthwhile to mention two particularly important ones. First, Israel does not represent or guard American interests in the Mideast. The relationship is the reverse and to the American disadvantage. For another thing, I believe it is misleading to view the basic role of the "Holocaust" propaganda in terms of its effect on Jews. While the propaganda doubtless has the unifying effect among Jews that Karnoouh notes, it is paraded loudly and massively before predominantly gentile audiences, and its function should be considered in this light. Indeed the especially massive propaganda of approximately the past five years is not a response to any weakening of links between Israel and the Diaspora. If I may risk a charge of immodesty, it seems to me that it is a response to the revisionists.

Karnoouh seems to get some things backward when they relate directly to Jews, and that brings us to the secondary role of his essay. Karnoouh is of Jewish ancestry, but does not consider himself Jewish. However even that view, when expressed in his writing, reveals the existence of a "Jewish question."

> *Can I today define myself in all sincerity as a Jew? Delicate question, (and to) the defense lawyer who asked it I answered: "For the anti-semites and racists, I am a Jew, for other men I am simply a man who belongs to the French culture." This affirmation earned me the hatred of not only the xenophobic spectators but also that of certain of my friends, among the most tolerant, who considered the sentiment a betrayal on my part. In a few seconds, I had become a renegade who abandoned his own in the moment of "the danger." But does one have the right to associate me with an identity which does not relate to my experience and which, consequently, is more or less exterior to my consciousness?*

This view is both refreshingly rational and disturbingly paradoxical for, after all, Karnoouh has now given us a long and carefully considered essay in which his Jewish background is certainly not "exterior to (his)

consciousness." How does one resolve the apparent cohabitation of reason and paradox in Karnoouh's views? If there is a way, many would be very interested to learn it, for we are here confronted not with a mere transient "problem" but with the quite subsistent and indeed robust "Jewish question." This cannot be a revelation to Pierre Guillaume and Editions de la Différence, for they have issued, almost simultaneously, a new printing of Bernard Lazare's 1894 classic, *L'Antisémitisme, son histoire et ses causes*.

In summary, *Intolérable Intolérance* is an uneven book. It ranges from the trite, through the engaging, to the provocative. It is nevertheless a very important book, despite or even because of the nature of its shortcomings, and we must thank the authors and publishers for making it available. Its importance derives not only from new insights that it offers, but also from its posing of challenging questions in an area of social relations in which thought has been in a state of suspension and controversy in a state of evasion for several decades at least. As its points of departure are not esoteric historical questions but current controversies, it is just the sort of book that can set into operation critical faculties that have been accumulating dust and even rust in this period of "suspension" of thought. It is hoped that an English translation will appear.

I should add a note on the availability, to the U.S. reader, of the books reviewed here. *Intolérable Intolérance* can be obtained through any established dealer in foreign books, via his special order. *Mémoire en Défense*, however, should be ordered directly from La Vieille Taupe in Paris. That is also the case for Thion's *Vérité Historique ou Vérité Politique?*, as the distributor mentioned in my earlier review of that book is no longer handling it.

I close with a partial report on Faurisson's litigations. The most serious dangers that his enemies raised for him were based on a statement he made in an interview on French TV on 17 December 1980:

> *The historical lie has permitted a gigantic political-financial swindle, whose principal beneficiaries are the state of Israel and international*

Zionism, and whose principal victims are the German people, but not their leaders, and the whole of the Palestinian people.

For this he was charged with defamation of the Jewish people (group libel) and incitement to racial hatred. Found guilty of both, he was ordered to pay damages and fines totaling 21,000 francs, given a three month prison sentence (suspended) and, most important, ordered to pay for the reproduction of the judgment in four publications and over national TV (*Le Monde*, 5-6 July 1981). The last requirement involved a sum of about half a million dollars and was well beyond his means. The situation looked particularly ominous as there is no law of personal bankruptcy in France (only a business can go bankrupt there).

His appeal against this ruling, announced 23 June 1982, brought success for him on this most grave part of the judgment, and his conviction for incitement to racial hatred was overturned. However the charge of defamation of the Jewish people was sustained, as were the fines, damages, and suspended prison sentence (*Le Monde*, 26 June 1982).

Faurisson's supporters breathed a sigh of relief over the important successful part of the appeal outcome. That which has been left standing is nevertheless a moral and intellectual outrage. In an age in which virtually all sectors of public opinion have proclaimed their devotion to “freedom” with the persistence of an absent-minded devout who has lost count of his Hail Marys, a professor is being punished for announcing the politically unpopular conclusions of his research. This observation would hold even if Faurisson had been victorious in the first instances in all his trials. The professional and international yappers for “freedom”, whom we hear so often, have with only scattered and isolated exceptions either pretended that they never heard of Faurisson, or found rationalizations to excuse his persecution. This fact is almost not worth mentioning, because the hypocrisy referred to is all too familiar.

Faurisson's trials are not concluded.

Anne Frank

By Mark Weber · May 1, 1995

Last updated on

Anne Frank

Known around the world for her famous diary, Anne Frank is perhaps the most commemorated "victim of the Holocaust." On the fiftieth anniversary of her death, and of the liberation of the Bergen-Belsen camp where she died, she has been the subject of renewed attention.

Translated into dozens of languages, more than 22 million copies of her diary are estimated to have been sold worldwide – millions of them to secondary schools. In terms of its public impact, says "Nazi hunter" Simon Wiesenthal, the Anne Frank diary is "more important than the Nuremberg trials." (*The Washington Post,* April 1, 1979, p. H3)

Influential organizations and much of the western media promote a quasi-religious Anne Frank cult. She has become a kind of secular saint. As the British monthly *History Today* noted in its March 1985 issue:

> *The impact of the Diary has been immense, especially on younger generations, school children, adolescents and students. In Germany, a type of Anne Frank cult developed in the fifties similar to movements started by St. Teresa and St. Bernadette. In 1957, mass emotion was channelled into a pilgrimage of two thousand young people, mainly from Hamburg, to Bergen-Belsen where, in pouring rain during the course of a ceremony, flowers were placed on the mass graves – in one of which Anne Frank was buried.*

Anne Frank's fate is not unlike that of many other lesser-known victims of the wartime anti-Jewish policies imposed in Axis-ruled Europe. On August 4, 1944, police raided the "annex" in Amsterdam, Netherlands, where the Frank family had been living for two years. They were taken to the Dutch transfer camp of Westerbork.

Anne Frank may not have inked that famous diary

By AL FREDRICKS

A REPORT by the German Federal Criminal Investigation Bureau (BKA) indicates that portions of *The Diary of Anne Frank* had been altered or added after 1951, casting doubt over the authenticity of the entire work, the West German news weekly Der Spiegel has disclosed.

The diary, a day-to-day account of the anguish of a young Jewish girl and her family hiding in in their Amsterdam home during the Nazi invasion, has touched the hearts of millions.

The manuscript was examined on orders of a West German court as part of a libel action brought by Otto Frank, Anne's father and the only family member to survive the concentration camps, against Ernst Roemer for spreading the allegation the book was a fraud.

This was the second suit against Roemer, a longtime critic of the book, by Frank. In the first case, the court decided in Frank's favor when the testimony of historians and graphologists sufficed to authenticate the diary.

In April, however, only a short time before Otto Frank's death on Aug. 19, the manuscript was turned over to technicians of the BKA for examination.

The manuscript, in the form of three hardbound notebooks and 324 loose pages bound in a fourth notebook, was examined with special equipment.

The results of tests performed at the BKA laboratories show that portions of the work, specifically of the fourth volume, were written with a ball point pen. Since ballpoint pens were not available before 1951, the BKA concluded, those sections must have been added subsequently.

The examination of the manuscript did not, however, unearth any conclusive evidence to lay to rest the speculations about the authenticity of the first three notebooks.

Over the years considerable doubt has been cast on the authenticity of the diary of Bergen-Belsen's best-known victim. For example, this article appeared in the mass-circulation daily New York Post, *Oct. 9, 1980. Probably the most detailed critique is by French professor Dr. Robert Faurisson, whose essay, "Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?," was published in the Summer 1982* Journal of Historical Review.

As part of the German program to evacuate Jews from western Europe, the 15-year-old girl and other members of her family were deported by train from the Netherlands to the Auschwitz-Birkenau camp in what is now southern Poland.

Several weeks later, in the face of the advancing Soviet army, Anne – along with thousands of other Jewish prisoners – was evacuated by rail from Auschwitz more than four hundred miles westward to the Bergen-Belsen camp in northwestern Germany.

Along with many other Belsen camp inmates, Anne came down with typhus, from which she died in mid-March 1945. She was not killed or murdered. Anne Frank perished – like millions of others, both Jewish and non-Jewish, in Europe during that terrible time – an indirect victim of history's most devastating war.

Few people realize that Anne, along with father and sister, and thousands of other Jews, "survived" Auschwitz-Birkenau. Her father, Otto Frank, came down with typhus and was transferred to the camp infirmary there to recover. He was one of thousands of sick and feeble Jews who were left behind when the Germans abandoned the camp in January 1945, shortly before it was overrun by the Soviets. He died in Switzerland in August 1980.

If the German policy had been to kill Anne Frank and her father, they would not have survived Auschwitz-Birkenau. Their fate, as tragic as it was, cannot be reconciled with the Holocaust extermination story.

– M. W.

Mark Weber

Mark Edward Weber (born October 9, 1951 in Portland, Oregon) studied history at the University of Illinois (Chicago), the

University of Munich (Germany), and Portland State University, graduating with a bachelor's degree in history (with high honors). He then did graduate work in history at Indiana University (Bloomington), where he served as a history instructor and received a Master's degree in European history. Since 1995, Weber has been director of the California-based Institute for Historical Review (IHR), which until the early 2000s was a leading revisionist research and publishing outlet. For nine years, he was also editor of the IHR's former *Journal of Historical Review*, which folded in 2002. Since the early 2000s, Weber has consistently refused any cooperation with other revisionist outlets and organizations. His IHR does not even mention the existence of other organizations, such as CODOH, Castle Hill Publishers or Armreg Ltd, let alone any of their activities or publications.

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Revisionist Notebook

By Bradley Smith

Arnold Schwarzenegger's Father Was a Nazi Storm Trooper; Anne Frank's Father Was a Nazi Collaborator and War Profiteer; Why Is One of these Stories Being Suppressed?

Arnold Schwarzenegger's father, Gustav, volunteered for the 'brownshirts' in May 1939 - about "six months after the storm troopers helped launch Kristallnacht [...] when Jewish homes, businesses and synagogues were attacked across Germany." [1]

Anne Frank's father, Otto Frank, was a war profiteer who sold goods to the Nazi army as it 'freed' Europe of its Jews in a gigantic program of ethnic cleansing (see below for more details).[2]

Questions:

- How do we know that Gustav Schwarzenegger was a storm trooper?
- How do we know that Otto Frank collaborated with the Nazis?
- What 'goods' did Otto Frank sell to the German army?
- Why is the press covering the Gustav Schwarzenegger story now?
- Why is the press still covering up the Otto Frank story after half a century?
- How are we to judge men like Gustav Schwarzenegger and Otto Frank?
- Who benefits - profits - by 'outing' Gustav's story and attacking Arnold, while covering up Otto's story when Anne remains a great cultural icon?

The 'Hidden Life' of Anne Frank's Father, Otto. It's One Surprise after Another.

I didn't know that Anne Frank's father, Otto, was a Nazi collaborator and war profiteer. Where have I been?[3] I didn't know that Otto manufactured and wholesaled materials to the German army while hiding in his notorious 'annex' in Amsterdam. I didn't know that he collaborated with the Dutch Nazis as well as with Germans. It's just one bloody thing after another.

This story was brought to my attention by Joe Orolin. Joe sends me news clippings from Pennsylvania papers and national media. A lot of the stories he sends I have already received via the Internet, but there are always others that I would never see because they originate locally, or they are distributed nationally but fall 'below the centerfold' of Internet distribution.

One afternoon I received a clipping from Joe released on 27 July, written by Ray Locker of the Associated Press. The article was a review of *The Hidden Life of Otto Frank* by Carol Ann Lee, published by HarperCollins/William Morrow. This is how the surprising review kicked off.

> *"For a man forever tied to the Holocaust and the cause of world Jewry, Otto Frank - the father of Holocaust diarist Anne Frank - went through life carrying a sense of constant ambivalence. Now, with this probing and insightful book by Carol Ann Lee, we may know why.*
>
> *While it would be going too far to call Frank a 'collaborator' with the Nazi government that eventually sent him and his family to concentration camps, he nevertheless did business with the German army occupying the Netherlands.*
>
> *Frank also worked with Dutch sympathizers of Hitler's Third Reich and traveled in circles that ultimately led to his family's capture after almost three years in hiding in the annex above their Amsterdam business."*

These observations astounded me. I hadn't even heard of this book. I did an Internet search and found that *The Hidden Life of Otto Frank* was published six months ago, in February. I searched for reviews of the book in *The New York Times*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *The Wall Street Journal.* Major institutions that have forwarded the Anne Frank story for half a century. Nothing by the big boys.

I did find three additional reviews of the book, all by small publications. I found that the book had been published in England in 2002 - a full year earlier! I hadn't heard a word about it. In America the press, the business, about Anne Frank never ends. Never. Now we have a dramatic book about Anne's father by a respected writer, the book reveals very controversial information, and there is no interest in it. One wonders, why would that be?

On the Internet I went to Amazon.com, ordered *The Hidden Life* and received it five days later. I read through it in one night in our bedroom, and during one afternoon at an outdoor café in Tijuana while my wife and a lady friend were shopping. Otto appears to have been a good and decent man caught up in matters that were beyond him, as was most everyone else in those years in that part of the world.

I never thought much about Otto Frank. I never heard much about him. I knew more or less what most of us know. He left Amsterdam with his wife and two daughters under the supervision of the Germans, and when he returned to Amsterdam his wife and two daughters were dead. We've all lost family, many of us have half-lost dear family members, and I can imagine something of how Otto must have felt when Miep Gies first gave him Anne's diary pages, scavenged from the floor of the annex after the family was taken away.

Otto must have been near overcome with a tidal wave of memory, surprise, and then a kind of elation at finding that, at the very least, he had these pages, written in her own hand, while they were all living together. He had something of her. She wasn't entirely gone. He had something.

An earlier book by Carol Ann Lee, *Roses from the Earth: The Biography of Anne Frank,* was well received in Britain. Based on that work, she has a good deal to say in Otto's story about how the 'Diary' was put together. She is quite open about how Anne was rewriting her diary, the problems with the different translations contracted for by Otto, Otto's editing of the manuscripts, and so on. Essentially she supports the revisionist position, without saying so, codified in the 1970s and 80s, that the 'Diary' is a literary work based on diary entries, and edited by her father and others, not a diary.

Nothing wrong with that. Other than the fact that those fronting for the Holocaust Lobby lied about it for so many years.

The primary work of Carol Ann Lee's *The Hidden Life of Otto Frank*, is to find out who 'betrayed' the Frank's hiding place and the Frank family to the Germans. For myself, it's the least interesting part of the story. No accounting for taste. But along the way Ms. Lee documents the fascinating story of Otto Frank's wartime collaboration with the Nazi regimes, both in Germany and the Netherlands. She writes:

> *"Otto Frank made a pact with the devil* [...]"

Here's what she's referring to. Otto manufactured and wholesaled pectin and other products to the German army.

> *"Pectin was a preservative that could be put to many uses, depending upon the type of pectin it was. All pectin was useful for food production, but certain kinds could be applied as a balm for wounds and as a thickener for raising blood volume in blood transfusions. Other types of pectin were used in the steel industry as a hardener and in the oil industry as an emulsifier. Therefore, it is possible that the Wehrmacht used the pectin they bought from Otto Frank's company for the war industry."*

With regard to Otto producing and selling products to the German army, Lee writes:

"The deliveries to the Wehrmacht (via brokers) ensured the survival of Otto's business. More than 80 percent of Dutch firms delivered to the Wehrmacht during the war, and one can hardly be shocked by the statistics of the fact that Otto did the same."

Miep Gies, the lady who collected Anne's diary pages from the floor of the annex after the Germans took off the Franks, is quoted as saying:

"[...] *the circumstances of his* [Otto's] *company in wartime should be kept in mind. There was no choice - no delivery could mean the closing down of the company."*

Here is a 'revisionist' take on Otto Frank's life in Amsterdam during WWII. Otto Frank ran a business during the war, in the ground floor of the 'annex' where he hid his family, that delivered goods to the German army. He made a profit doing it. He paid a Dutch Nazi to keep his business 'secret.'

Otto then was a Jew, a Nazi collaborator, a war profiteer, and a good man with highly developed sensibilities. I would very much liked to have known him, to have been his friend, and to have done what I could to have saved his daughters from those who saw them as their enemy.

I should add that it appears very likely indeed that Otto paid blackmail to the Dutch Nazi factotum, Tonny Ahlers, after the war as well as during it, to cover up Otto's wartime collaboration with the Nazis. As a matter of fact it looks like Otto was still paying blackmail to Tonny Ahlers at the time of Otto's death in 1980!

In the first instance, what does all this mean to someone like me? The first thing it means is that collaborating with the Germans/Nazis was something very different than what the Holocaust Industry wants you to think, and very different from how the Office of Special Investigations use the word "collaboration" as it goes about its work of running down old European men who "collaborated" with the Germans during WWII.

Collaboration was a norm, though admittedly not for everyone. In the Netherlands, for instance, only 80% of Dutch businessmen collaborated with the Nazis. In the camps nearly all Jews whom the Nazis chose to work for them themselves chose to collaborate with the Nazis. It was the norm. There were some who chose not to collaborate. Same as with the Dutch businessmen.

And then we would want to ask how many Belgian companies helped the German war effort. How many French? Polish, Danish, Norwegian, Czech? And how many of the businessmen in those countries were run by Jews?

As to that: how many Jews served in the German army during the Hitlerian regime?[4] How many Jews continued to run their businesses in Germany throughout the war? Were there any? Is anything known about this? Are their histories being covered up like Otto's was covered up?

On August 1st, 2003, a 79-year-old suspected former Nazi camp guard now living in Queens, Jakiw Palij, was stripped of his citizenship by a federal judge. Federal prosecutors did not accuse Palij of personally committing any atrocities. But Brooklyn U.S. Attorney Roslynn Mauskopf said Palij has blood on his hands.

"By guarding the prisoners held under inhumane conditions at Trawniki, Jakiw Palij prevented their escape and directly contributed to their eventual slaughter at the hands of the Nazis."

Palij is 79 years old. In 1944, when he was "collaborating" with the Germans by working as a perimeter guard at Trawniki, he must have been about 21. In 1944, when Otto Frank was helping feed and perhaps arm the German army, he was 55 years old.

One would think that you are better equipped to judge the political and moral nature of the great events you are living through when you are 55 than when you are when you are 21. Maybe it is going to be argued by the ADL and the Industry in general that Otto, being a Jew, necessarily needed a few extra decades to grow a moral conscience. I don't think that was it.

When I was 21 years old, I was with the Seventh Calvary in Korea. I was a young man who, as the song had it a few years ago, just wanted to have fun. I was a volunteer. I had no politics. I didn't want to hurt anyone, but I would have done anything my superiors asked of me. As a matter of fact, that's what I did do. Anything I was asked (ordered) to do.

I can hardly imagine how a 21-year old Ukrainian or German or Dutch kid could have sorted out the 'moral' issues of WWII, and then acted upon them. Some did, to one extent or the other, but to judge them now, after sixty years have gone by, a lifetime, is an ugly, self-serving charade of self-promoting 'morality.'

First published in *Smith's Report* (print edition) in August 2003

Brainwashing Student Editors

Arthur Sulzberger of *The New York Times* and Abraham Foxman of the Anti-Defamation League have teamed up to personally put the kibosh on my campus work. Try to imagine it - Sulzberger and Foxman, two of the most influential men in American culture and politics, each with access to tens of millions of dollars, teaming up to kill a project run by one man with a couple volunteer helpers and no budget.

The story below appears in the 2003 special summer edition of *ADL on the Frontline* (the article does not appear on the ADL Website - if I'm wrong about this please forward me the correct URL).

"Guidance on Extremism from The New York Times and ADL

When a campus newspaper editor is asked to print an ad denying that the Holocaust took place - or calling for 'open debate' on the subject - can he or she say 'no' without compromising freedom of the press?

In the view of the ADL and The New York Times*, the answer is yes. Both organizations have been disturbed by the continuing - and often successful - attempts by Holocaust deniers and other extremists to place advertisements and other materials in campus newspapers. Out of their common concern came an annual colloquium, 'Extremism Targets the Campus Press: Balancing Freedom and Responsibility.'*

'We seek to educate campus journalists,' said ADL Campus Affairs/Higher Education Director Jeffrey Ross, 'to balance freedom of the press with responsibility of the press when responding to hate submissions.'

The third colloquium in the series, held in The Times' headquarters in New York City, was attended by close to

100 student journalists and editors and administrators, including ten college and university presidents, representing 53 different academic institutions - the largest number to date. Participants came from all areas of the U.S., some from as far away as California.

ADL National Director Abraham H. Foxman and The New York Times publisher Arthur Sulzberger, Jr. addressed the gathering. A plenary panel discussion moderated by ADL Legal Affairs Director Steven Freeman featured Mr. Ross, Steph Jespersen, Director of Advertising Acceptability for The Times, and Dorothy Samuels, a member The Times' Editorial Board. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Ross also led interactive breakout discussion sessions."

Notes

[1] *LA Times*, August 23, 2003.

[2] Carol Ann Lee, *The Hidden Life of Otto Frank*, William Morrow, NYC, 2003.

[3] See the entry of April 1, 1943, in Anne Frank's Diary; Robert Faurisson was the first to reveal this fact: "The Diary of Anne Frank: Is it Genuine?", *Journal of Historical Review* 19(6) (2000), pp. 2-11, esp. pp. 5f.

[4] Bryan Mark Rigg, *Hitler's Jewish Soldiers: The Untold Story of Nazi Racial Laws and Men of Jewish Descent in the German Military*, University Press of Kansas, 2002.

Source: *The Revisionist* 1(4) (2003), pp. 364-366.

The Importance of Anne Frank

By Richard A. Widmann · June 11, 2014

Last updated on

By Richard A. Widmann and David Merlin –

The story of Anne Frank and her family is well-known through the diary bearing her name. This tragic tale is frequently used to counter Holocaust revisionists. The details of the story are often forgotten or replaced with assumptions regarding the fates of Anne Frank and her family. The facts of the story actually support the revisionist view of the Holocaust. The teaching of *The Diary of Anne Frank* should be embraced by Holocaust revisionists and all who care about learning the truth of what really happened to Europe's Jews during the Second World War. The popular media version of the Holocaust would have us think that almost all would be gassed upon arrival at the "death camps" and especially Auschwitz. While perhaps a few very strong Jews might be utilized for manual labor, all children, the elderly, the sick would surely be murdered as part of a program of extermination.

However tragic the story of Anne Frank and her family is, its narrative states that Anne Frank was not gassed at Auschwitz. In fact, after being transported to Auschwitz, she was later transported back *west* to Bergen-

Belsen where she succumbed to disease —typhus, the very disease that Zyklon-B (the alleged killing agent) was used in the camps to combat. The story of Anne Frank is a typical example of the fate of many Jews during this time.

What follows is an unpublished letter from David Merlin of the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust. Merlin submitted this letter to the *New York Times* in November 2013. The *New York Times* did not think it was fit to print. As Merlin suggests, understanding the details of the fate of Anne Frank and her family would help to reveal the truth of the policies of the German government during the Second World War. Merlin writes, "details allow us to learn what really happened." Those details may be inconvenient to some, but due attention to them can greatly aid in dispelling the shroud of calumny and victimhood that today distorts our understanding.

Edward Rothstein

c/o New York Times

New York City

07 November 2013

I am writing to comment on your article, "Playing Cat and Mouse With Searing History," addressing the new Anne Frank exhibit at the Los Angeles Museum of Tolerance. http://tinyurl.com/kauo33a

While Anne Frank's story is tragic, you ignore the manner of death of the 8 people in the Annex. The official history is that non-working Jewish people arriving at Auschwitz were all "gassed." But of the eight sent to Auschwitz on September 3, 1944 from the Annex, not one of them was killed in a gas chamber. Instead, five of the eight were transported back to Germany-Austria in November 1944.

The details of the eight individuals from the Annex are:

The Frank Family was detained for failing to report for labor service and for going into hiding.

1. Anne Frank– sent to Auschwitz, then transported to Belsen where she died of typhus (in Belsen not Auschwitz).

2. Otto Frank– left behind in Auschwitz with those in the sick barracks. Survived the War.

3. Edith Frank-Holländer–left behind in Auschwitz as the Germans retreated.

4. Margot Frank (Anne's older sister) died of typhus in Belsen (not Auschwitz).

5. Fritz Pfeffer, sent to Auschwitz then transported to Neuengamme concentration camp where he died on 20 December 1944. His cause of death is listed in the camp records as "enterocolitis."

6. Auguste van Pels born Auguste Röttgen (Hermann's wife), whose date of death is unknown. Witnesses testified that she was with the Frank sisters during part of their time in Bergen-Belsen. According to German records, van Pels was sent to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp in Germany with a group of eight women on November 26, 1944. Hannah Goslar's testimony was that she spoke to van Pels through the barbed wire fence "in late January or early February". Auguste was transferred on February 6, 1945 to Raguhn (Buchenwald in Germany), then to the Czechoslovakia camp Theresienstadt ghetto on April 9, 1945.

7. Peter van Pels died in Mauthausen (not Auschwitz).

8. Hermann van Pels died in Auschwitz. It is often claimed that he was "gassed." However, according to eyewitness testimony, this did not happen on the day of his arrival there. Sal de Liema, an inmate at Auschwitz who knew both Otto Frank and Hermann van Pels, said that after two or three days in the camp, van Pels mentally "gave up." He later injured his thumb on a work detail, and requested to be sent to the sick barracks. There is no evidence whatever for the assertion that Hermann van Pels was gassed.

The pattern is the same with other groups closely associated with Anne Frank who were also sent to Auschwitz from Holland.

9. Eva Geiringer — born May 11, 1929. Sent to Auschwitz May 1944 Step-sister of Anne Frank. Survived the War.

10. "Fritzy" Geiringer, mother of Eva, Married Otto Frank. Survived the War.

11. Heinz Geiringer, brother. Survived Auschwitz but died on a forced march out of the camp.

12. "Pappy" Geiringer. Survived Auschwitz but died on a forced march out of the camp.

The Geiringers were immigrants from Austria; They too ignored a call up for labor service received July 6, 1942 and went into hiding. They were found out on May 11, 1944, detained and were sent to Auschwitz that month.

13. Janny Brandes-Brilleslijper. Was arrested for forgery. Was in the Westerbork, Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen concentration camps. Traveled to Auschwitz on the same train as the Frank family and to Belsen with Anne and Anne's older sister Margot. Survived the War.

14. Lientje, sister of Janny. Was in the Westerbork, Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen concentration camps with Janny. Survived the War.

Elsewhere you have praised the “relentless pursuit of historical details." You are right. Details allow us to learn what really happened. In this case the details tell us that none of the people traveling with Anne Frank died in “gas chambers.” Why? And why did the Germans transport Anne, her sister, Janny, Lientje and so many others back into Germany in 1944? These are details which should profoundly affect our, and your, understanding of German policies.

Yours for history based on honesty and historical detail,

David Merlin

Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust

PO Box 439016

San Ysidro, California

Web: http://www.codoh.com/

Richard A. Widmann

Richard A. Widmann, together with David Thomas, created modern CODOH as we know it, when he talked Bradley Smith into creating what was then called CODOHWeb, CODOH's online presence in 1995/1996. In 1999, Richard Widmann was among the team that launched and ran the revisionist periodical *The Revisionist*, until it was taken over by Germar Rudolf in 2003. When this project collapsed in 2005 with Rudolf's arrest, deportation and 44-months imprisonment, Richard Widmann, after some hesitation, created a new revisionist periodical in 2009 called *Inconvenient History*, which he issued until 2017, when this project, too, was once more taken over by Germar Rudolf.

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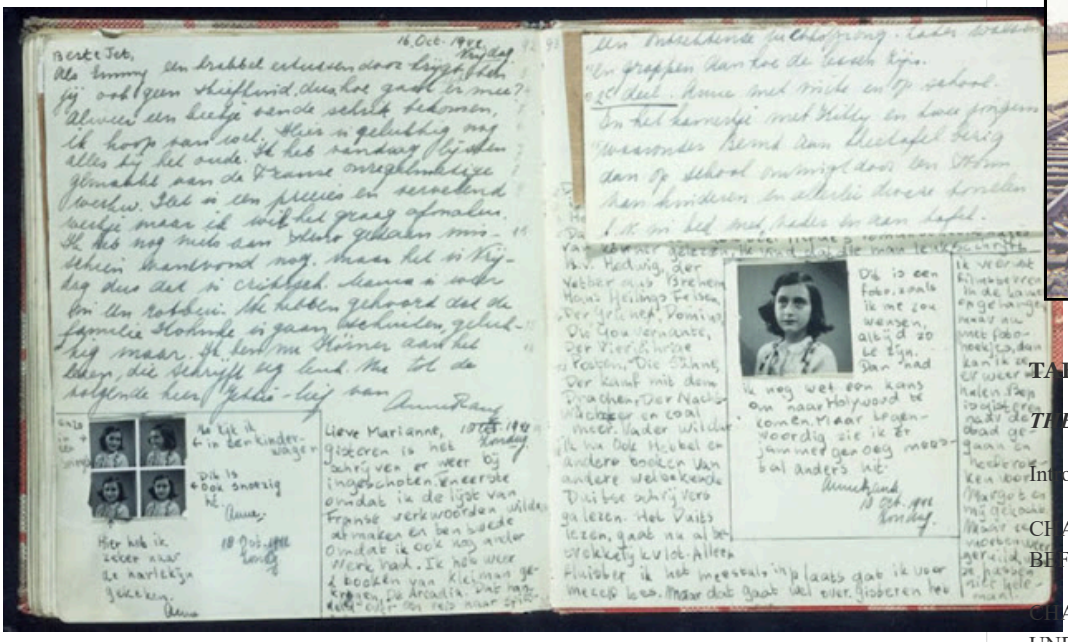
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2015

Anne Frank Diary Co-Authored by Father

The Basel, Switzerland, Anne Frank Fonds (Anne Frank Fund)—which controls the copyright to the *Diary of Anne Frank*—has admitted that the book was in fact at least co-authored by Otto Frank, Anne's father, after the war.

The admission proves that the book, which is still heavily promoted as a "holocaust memoir," is in fact largely a postwar fabrication which contained parts of the young Anne's diary with extensive additions added by her father.

This is obvious from even a cursory look at the actual diary. See, for example, the image below of two pages from the diary, which shows both Anne's real youthful handwriting and her father's obviously adult handwriting —although he signs his entries as "Anne Frank."



The difference between Otto Frank's adult writing, and Anne Frank's juvenile handwriting, is obvious from this "original" diary page. Note the inscription top left, in Otto Frank's handwriting, signed as "Anne Frank."

As the *New York Times* has pointed out, when "Otto Frank first published his daughter's red-checked diary and notebooks, he wrote a prologue assuring readers that the book mostly contained her words, written while hiding from the Nazis in a secret annex of a factory in Amsterdam."

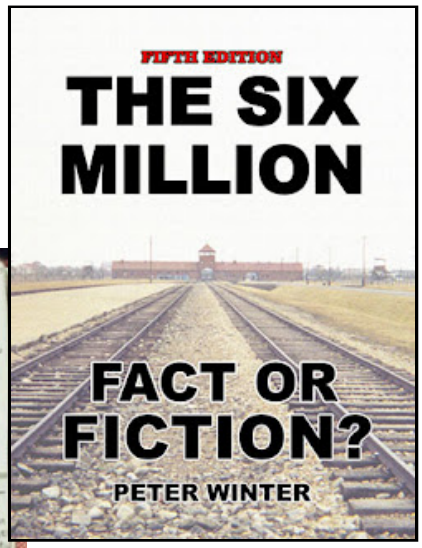
Normal copyright on books extends only 70 years after the author's death. As Anne Frank died of typhus in Bergen Belsen in February 1945, the book theoretically entered the public domain in February 2015.

But, as the *New York Times* went on to say, the *Anne Frank Fonds* has now decided to try to extend copyright on the book past the 70 year cut-off period—by admitting that Otto Frank, who died in 1980, was indeed a "co-author" after all.

THE SIX MILLION: FACT OR FICTION?

Now into its 7th Edition!

Revised, edited, updated, and expanded, this work is without doubt the single most important revisionist overview of the legend of the "Six Million" Holocaust ever yet published.



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The implications of this admission are obvious. As the *New York Times* put it:

> While the foundation, the Anne Frank Fonds, in Basel, signaled its intentions a year ago, warnings about the change have provoked a furor as the deadline approaches. Some people opposed to the move have declared that they would defy the foundation and publish portions of her text.
>
> Foundation officials "should think very carefully about the consequences," said Agnès Tricoire, a lawyer in Paris who specializes in intellectual property rights in France, where critics have been the most vociferous and are organizing a challenge. "If you follow their arguments, **it means that they have lied for years about the fact that it was only written by Anne Frank."**

The New York Times

Anne Frank's Diary Gains 'Co-Author' in Copyright Move

Otto Frank, in 1971, holding an award given for the sale of one million copies of "The Diary of Anne Frank."

PARIS — When Otto Frank first published his daughter's red-checked diary and notebooks, he wrote a prologue assuring readers that the book mostly contained her words, written while hiding from the Nazis in a secret annex of a factory in Amsterdam.

But now the Swiss foundation that holds the copyright to "The Diary of Anne Frank" is alerting publishers that her father is not only the editor but also legally the co-author of the celebrated book.

The move has a practical effect: It extends the copyright from Jan. 1, when it is set to expire in most of Europe, to the end of 2050. Copyrights in Europe generally end 70 years after an author's death. Anne Frank died 70 years ago at Bergen-Belsen, a concentration camp, and Otto Frank died in 1980. Extending the copyright would block others from being able to publish the book without paying royalties or receiving permission.

In the United States, the diary's copyright will still end in 2047, 95 years after the first publication of the book in 1952.

While the foundation, the Anne Frank Fonds, in Basel, signaled its intentions a year ago, warnings about the change have provoked a furor as the deadline approaches. Some people opposed to the move have declared that they would defy the foundation and publish portions of her text.

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Actually, as I pointed out in Section 110 of *The Six Million: Fact or Fiction*, Otto Frank actually admitted in an Amsterdam court that much of the handwriting was in fact his, and not that of Anne's.

He explained that he had "transcribed" Anne's diary before publication, and this was why the handwriting was his. Furthermore, Otto Frank announced, he had actually only published a "novel" called *The Annex: Diary Notes 14 June 1942 – 1 August 1944* (in Dutch, *Het Achterhuis. Dagboekbrieven 14 juni 1942 – 1 augustus 1944*) and had never called it the *Diary of Anne Frank*. The title *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl* had been given to the book's first English translation.

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Peter Winter

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This “transcription” by Otto Frank finally explained the 1980 report by the German Bundeskriminalamt (Federal Criminal Investigation Bureau, or BKA) which showed that portions of the dairy had been altered or added after 1951. The manuscript was examined on orders of a West German court as the result of a libel action brought by Otto Frank against a German publisher who had claimed the book was a fraud.

The manuscript, in the form of three hardbound notebooks and 324 loose pages bound in a fourth notebook, was examined with special equipment. The results of tests performed at the BKA laboratories show that portions of the work, especially of the fourth volume, were written with a ballpoint pen. As ballpoint pens were not commercially available until after the war, the BKA concluded that those sections were added after Anne Frank died.

The real story of Anne Frank is tragic enough, but the cruel exploitation, exaggeration, and faking of her diary by the Holocaust storytellers is a scandal of epic proportions.

Posted by Peter Winter at 8:26 AM

Labels: Anne Frank, Diary of Anne Frank, Otto Frank

1 comment:

FreeTripoli February 24, 2016 at 1:23 PM

Are you serious, the forensics proved that parts of the diary were indeed in ball point pen?

Wonders will never cease. Anne Franks diary is among the very best of the well-known Holocaust memoirs. (Primo Levy another genuine one - but has nothing about the Holocaust in it).

Oh, wait a moment, Diary of a Young Girl has nothing about the Holocaust in it either.

I did come across a genuine Holocaust memoir, Norman Shapell's "Witness to the Truth".

Strangely, the Holocaust Industry never wanted his story told. Fortunately, he made a fortune in California and self-published his book in hardback. Almost nobody ever bought one, and my copy was given by him to a library before turning up on Amazon. All the reviews are from California, people who'd known him.

Why would people not want such a book publicised?

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